

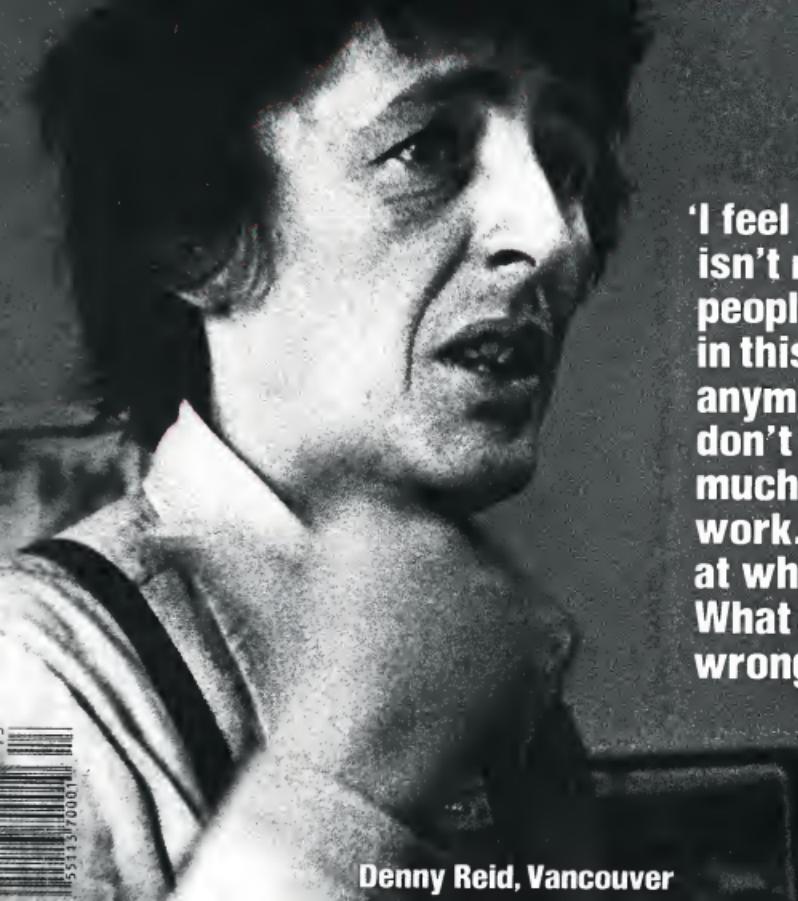
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 28, 1983

\$1.25

OUT OF WORK



'I feel that there isn't room for people like me in this country anymore. We don't want much—just to work. I am good at what I do. What has gone wrong?'

Denny Reid, Vancouver





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 18, 1983 VOL. 64 NO. 13

COVER

Out of Work

Behind the brutal unemployment statistics lie countless tales of broken dreams and shattered lives. A York University psychologist has charted the six stages of decline that a once-hopeful person goes through in the grip of long-term unemployment. But it is the victims themselves who tell the real story, in an eloquent barbs of suffering. —Page 39



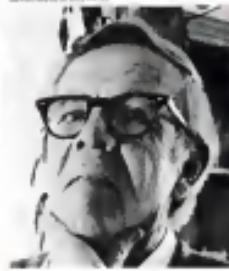
Life and death

For the first time in Canada, lawyers last week battled over "the right to die." In the end, Stephen Dawson, 4, was granted his life-saving operation. —Page 46



Off-season of discontent

The CFL fights for survival—against a new U.S. league, broadcasts of home games in local bars and Harold Ballard's threat to move the Tiger-Cats. —Page 47



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Influencing Tories

Three more Tories threw their hats into the leadership race—Bruno Mulroney, John Crosbie and Peter Blasie. In the end, they may need each other. —Page 49



Guilt and suffering

In the '79 adaptation of Colleen McCullough's best seller *The Thorn Birds*, Richard Chamberlain is a present, torn between a pretty girl and the papacy. —Page 52



Next month in Canada more than 300,000 people will give up looking for work, and many will slide into the oblivion of the steadily expanding welfare ranks. Often they will be ridiculed as social parasites, leeches clinging to the public purse. Seldom will they find any real sympathy or understanding for their personal dilemmas or for the threat to the nation's economy and social fabric that their numbers pose. Certainly they cannot look to their prime minister for solace. In February MacLean's began researching an article about the human dimension behind the sterile jobless figures that Ottawa issues monthly. From the outset, we felt that pictures and direct quotations from the victims themselves would make a stronger statement than a more conventional approach. And the starkness of simple black-and-white photos appeared to be more appropriate to a discussion of a national tragedy than the traditional color presentation in MacLean's cover stories. Art Director Nick Burnett, a 25-year-old Englishman and a graduate of the London College of Printing, designed the package. He and Halifax photographer Eric Hayes crisscrossed the country to photograph subjects in their natural settings. In Toronto Staff Writer Shona McRae, 31, through her own reporting and from correspondents' reports, identified a representative group of people who fit a disturbing mould they have been unexpectedly thrown out of a job after a lifetime of believing that hard work in a country as rich was enough to guarantee success.



McRae, Burnett understand

The report begins on page 30.

Kevin Dayle

MacLean's March 25, 1983

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LETTERS

Queen Elizabeth

Your closing passage (*Her Enduring Majesty*, Cover, March 10) probably went oceans of delight through dedicated royalists. But even the most ardent royalists look to the day when the monarchy gets weary of the artificial exertions and the institution goes gently, or just goes.

—STANLEY R. REINHOLD
Midland, Ont.

One would have been hard pressed to find three out of four British Columbians who thought that the importance of the monarchy had decreased. Instead, as usual, the biggest stories were out front and centre to catch a glimpse of an absolutely sterling visit by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. I have not seen the actress as exalted or as adored since the last royal visit. The fact that Parliament is operating less than perfectly is more of a reflection on the governing party than on the institutions itself.

—ERICK HAXTER
Vancouver

I must comment that Alton Fotheringham's strikes against the monarchy have now moved from the merely septic and ill-informed to the trite, boring and repetitive (*Divorce of a Canadian*, Ensign, Column, March 10). The monarchy has evolved and is evolving. Fotheringham's attitudes toward it are stuck in the colonial past. Furthermore, his suggestion that we adopt the U.S. system of congressional government because "Parliament is irrelevant, compla-



The monarchy: a continuing controversy

is" is rather shortsighted. The fact that Parliament is operating less than perfectly is more of a reflection on the governing party than on the institutions itself.

—ERICK HAXTER
Vancouver

If Allen Fotheringham must comment on Queen Elizabeth, he should at least do so correctly. Whereas other members of the Royal Family may be addressed as His or Her Royal Highness, the sovereign is addressed as Her Majesty HRH.

—KAREN SCHWARTZ
Vancouver

Why the sour grapes on the Queen's visit, Poth? weren't you invited to attend? You must have been ball-gagged to note the presence of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau at the B.C. bank for the Royal. One would have had more important matters to concern him, such as skinning.

—VIRGINIA SAWYER
Saskatoon, Ont.

Revealing the real details

You never once spoke with me about the Feb. 7 column article on Stephen and Colin Thackeray (*Chances of Abortion*). It is not surprising then that in the span of two sentences you made several errors of fact regarding my participation. I did not "answer a knock at the door" — I saw a woman approaching my house and let her in. I did not "find four men and a woman on the back porch" — They were already in the house. I do not have a back porch. I did not "tell reporters later" — I did speak with one reporter who promised to protect my identity. Confidentially, he and your writer are employed by the same Enigma publication.

—STEVEN MONTGOMERY, Atlanta

PASSAGES

EDWARD W. Borden Spears, 73, the elegant and patently wise journalist and media critic who turned from the clamor and commercial barking to newspapermen in search of the Toronto Star's editor of *The Financial Post* during his career, the Press Lake, Alas., native who always best knew the number of the Kent committee and as a key staff member of the Senate committee study of the mass media in 1970. He was instrumental in developing the findings of the commission, which assailed the administration of newspaper ownership. Spears visited in prison at the Penitentiary Star in 1889 after fighting for two years on Lake Huron following postgraduate work at the University of Toronto. He became city editor in 1888 and during the next 30 years was the country editor of a ramifications group of journalists fighting the Toronto Telegram for every stomach-wrenching, headline-grabbing story in the epic circulation battles of the 1890s. "I knew at the time what we were doing wasn't respectable," he later reminisced. "But it was so God damn fun." Spears left the Star for Maclean Hunter in 1890 and became editor of *Maclean's* in 1894; after a previous editor abruptly departed, he stayed for five years before moving on to the Senate committee. He returned to the Star in 1899 and the even cell to bank newspaper conglomerate came again in 1903 from the Kent committee. He was still at the attack in a speech just weeks before his death.

MARY DANE REEDER WEST, 90, the brilliant and often savage British novelist, historian and journalist; in London. Born Cecily Isabel Fairfield, West adopted the name of Bessie Head's determined heroine in *Rommelkahn* after acting in the play during her teens. By the time she was 31, West was the sort of London's literati, dashing such men as E.G. Wells (the father of her only child) with her vivacity and wit.

DEIRDRE FRED BANG, 73, a convicted spy and the only Canadian member of Parliament ever to be elected on a Communist platform, reportedly of a heart attack, in Warsaw. He was elected in the Marxist riding of Galtier in 1963 and 1965. When Igor Gouzenko defected, he named Bang as a spy, and the MP was sentenced to five years in prison, after which he moved to his native Poland.

DEIRDRE ARTHUR GOLDIER, 79, the popular 1950s TV personality whose trademarks were a brash, informal style, a smile and a series of patois-like tick-hisses, all named Goldie, of amphetamine and pramoxine, in New York.



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Assam vs. Sabra and Shatila

It is with a sense of sadness and moral indignation that I reflect upon the recent massacre of 1,200 unarmed women and children in Assam, India. (A Brutal Tragedy in Assam, World, March 21) It is always painful to read of human suffering, but not about by terrorists or Nazis. In this case, which follows so closely the recent massacre of Muslims by Christians in Lebanon, there is, however, a double agony. We wait to hear of an emergency session in the United Nations called for the purpose of condemning the government

of India for allowing this heinous act to happen. We wait for calls demanding a reexamination of India's policies. We expect the authorities to open their eyes to demands of the government of India, its defence minister, its minister of the interior. We wait for the outpouring of wrath and indignation from the bourgeoisie around the world. We wait and wait and wait. How strange a double standard was applied to the state of Israel!

—FRANK D'AMATO
Executive Vice-President,
Dura-Brite Canada,
Downsview, Ont.

TOASTER'S CHOICE.



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At last there's a bread so simply delicious you're glad it's also good for you.

Enough burnout already

Just when I thought I had seen and heard it all, along comes your article on paranoid burnout in all its alarmant and magnified glory. (CP, New Forest Poem, Behavior, Feb. 21) Another ridiculous application of a trendy term for a malady of popular psychology that has been applied to everyone from dentists to librarians. Enough already!

—KIRK A. STINNETT
Thomaston, Ga.

Black: the whole picture

Regarding your Feb. 21 cover story, The Low and Gound Black I followed this issue in the newspapers but did not get the whole picture. Your article was interesting and objective. The events were well summarized. It will be interesting to see how the Canadian investigation turns out. Please continue to keep us well informed.

—VALERIE DEUTSCHENAGEN
Port Elgin, Ont.

Anyway no horsing around

Please inform Alan Fotheringham that Peter Packington does not have any "Anway palsones" to lead an expose (Morning Around at the Starting Gate, Feb. 14). Anway entrepreneurs such as myself are fiercely independent business people and business is free enterprise who are bound by the laws of the land, our own rules of conduct and our strict code of ethics. Please, do not hors around with the image of my business!

—SEAN O'BRIEAN
Edmonton, Ont.

Long talk, short deck

With I am not a supporter of Brian Peckford, or of many of his policies, I find your article in the People section of the Feb. 25 issue to be insightful and touchy. Marcus Peckford's only claim to fame is that she is married to the premier of Newfoundland. When I grew up in St. John's, meeting such a lady would require an apology. If the apology was not forthcoming, the offender was usually ploched over the nearest wheel. If you cannot apologize, could you please inform me of your writer's name so I may direct him or her to the nearest wheel?

—ROBERT HEALY
St. John's

NFB films: dangerous?

I appreciated your article Different Across the Border (Environment, March 7). The labeling of the National Film Board's documentary films as neo-nazi and nuclear war as propaganda (according to the U.S. Justice department) will only serve to heighten their impact. Propaganda is defined as "fictions, facts or allegations spread deliberately to promote or destroy something, especially by歪曲事实 (distortion of the truth)." The NFB's

efforts to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause? This leads one to question what opposition the U.S. government is actually trying to protect. It appears that the interests of the economic elite are being protected before those of the average American.

—TOM RITTELL
Ottawa

From complaints to accolades

I was just preparing to sit down and have a look (Madrona's free copy) that comes with new Madrona's advertising. But old Charles Gordon used to have a lot of wisdom sharing by sending me with his sparkling wit. His insights not only probe a current issue but also shed light on the potential of modern journalism itself (The Five Bell but No Fire Strike, Feb. 21). He does not get stuck in a revised model or not carried away by a sensational angle; he thinks—a gift lacking in many of today's journalists. —WALTER HUCHUL
London, Ont.

In the name of charity

I found your article The Last Feminism of Child Sponsorship (Editorial, Feb. 20) misleading, to say the least. While I agree that this method of giving is not perfect, I fail to see which method is. Creation of such opportunities as The Foster Parents Plan only results in fueling success for people who seemed fated in their hearts and souls to give something of themselves to others. Those who endorse the savings plan offer will not attempt to find another way to give but instead will alienate all charities for being inefficient.

—BARBARA FOX
Vancouver, Ont.

My congratulations for your article on foster parenting. I strongly believe that Child care should support aid abroad, yet I am concerned that child sponsorship through such agencies as Foster Parents Plus and World Vision is the worst way to help. Their programs are parasitic and their advertising exploitative. —DEBORA PERNANT
Vancouver

There has been a lot of tragic foolishness committed in the name of charity over the years. To think that "We're not saying that fostering is wrong, but that there's a better way" without saying what that better way might be is to a lot like mystoading decisions that when they are over only one drowning victim out of a boatload, will not be beaten. And besides, the boat should have been refe-

signed to prevent sinking anyway. What comes through from an article like this is a dangerous handwringing toward the "How can I help?" (I'm only one person) attitude. Of course, sponsorship is not the only way to help the Third World, but the combination of community development, with establishing friendships overseas in an approach that gets people involved. As apathetic, we operate best through personal contact. It fills the gap of the giver as well as that of the receiver and can lead, as it has in my case, to a lasting friendship with a family in a faraway country. So "hak" to Mac-

Nelson's outcry that "A pleading child appeals to the emotions." Of course, it doesn't! Macdonald lit up the tree during which I have received my sweetest favorite friend. I have received many international and educational letters from the child's father, his uncle, the social worker who expanded on the difficulties of reaching his supports on his risky bicycle and one from the village chief of flat of flats about the way of life in the area. I am pretty sure that the letters I send are received with the same sense of adventure and enthusiasm.

—SARAH YOUNG-LAI
Victoria

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Bran Bread is made
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A murder mystery still unsolved

By Kenneth Englehardt

The citizens of Atlanta, Ga., could scarcely have been more relieved on Feb. 27, 1982, when Wayne Williams, a podgy, 23-year-old self-styled photographer and music promoter, was convicted of murder. Although a jury of three was and was sworn bound guilty of two killings only—those of Nathaniel Caser, 27, and January Ray Payne, 21—police and prosecutors used the verdict to close the files on all but three of the 29 killings attributed to Atlanta's "serial murderer." But a clear lack of hard evidence and the fact that Williams has continued to maintain his innocence have spawned speculation that he may have been unfairly convicted.

To the police and to District Attorney Lewis Slaton, who had been under great pressure to find the killer, the case was neatly resolved: Williams was arrested; the murders allegedly stopped. Williams was convicted and sentenced to two life terms in prison. In a new appeal against the verdict, charging that evidence used against him was circumstantial, Williams has already made one appeal to his trial judge, who rejected the bid. Next, he plans to put his arguments for a new trial before the Georgia Supreme Court in May. Although the authorities still consider the case closed, a determined group of skeptics is suggesting that there is a lot more to be learned about the murders than has so far been revealed.

Jeff Prugh, 43, for one, a public relations executive and a former Atlanta bureau chief for the *Los Angeles Times*, strongly urges the reopening of the Williams case. Last July, in one of his final assignments for the paper, Prugh traced an unpublished string of 35 Atlanta murders that occurred at about the same time as the killings attributed to Williams. The slate victims reported by Prugh, however, were all women and girls, most of them black, in marked contrast to the almost exclusively black male—two were young girls—accused of Williams. Prugh notes that the still-unresolved murders occurred between 1978 and 1981, preceding the Williams series by 10 months, and June, 1981, was year after the Williams murders.



Williams: did this murderer stop after his arrest?

the investigators and the arduous task of fibers that were the primary evidence used to convict Williams.

During the trial, prosecution experts claimed that fibers found on the bodies of a dozen victims came from Williams' car, house or clothing. But Dettinger points out that, of the 14 types of fibers involved, the greatest number of different fibers found on any victim was nine. That is not enough, he argues, to constitute overwhelming proof. "The evidence is a two-way street," Dettinger contends. "Why didn't investigators find any fibers from the victims in Wayne Williams' environment as well as the other way around? I have my own theory," he adds. "I think investigators intentionally contaminated the evidence. After crawling around in Williams' car or his house, they accidentally transferred some of those fibers to the bodies."

Prugh and Dettinger are not alone in thinking that District Attorney Slaton acted too hasty in closing the other cases after Williams' conviction. The parents of 13 murdered children have filed two suits in the U.S. District Court in Atlanta, demanding that officials reopen the investigations. The suits charge that police officers mishandled the search for the killer or killers of these children and closed the books prematurely on the other killings. Slaton, one of the suits' plaintiffs, believes that their children are part of a larger conspiracy that includes black girls and young black women whose free and death paralleled those of the young black males. The suits also claim that Slaton was "pressured to arrest Wayne Williams with the intent to disassociate the possibility of other suspect and the investigation of other evidence." To this, Slaton replies, "It's not true. But I don't know that it does me much good to say it. We have filed a motion to dismiss [the suits], but it has not been heard yet."

Williams was the only person ever charged with any of the murders and, unless the victim's parents sue or his appeals are successful, he may remain the only one. Concedes Dettinger: "Wayne Williams may be guilty as sin, but I do not know that the proof is. The prosecutors do not know, the judge does not know, and the police do not know either." ◊



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Polio's forgotten victims

In the summer of 1953 scores of Winnipeg families fled to the country-side, hoping to escape the polio wave that was sweeping the city. When the epidemic subsided in October, 2,200 people had been stricken by the crippling disease, 38 of whom died. It was the highest case incidence ever recorded.

is a large North American city. Then two years after the Winnipeg outbreak largely removed the threat of the killer disease, and the plight of its victims has been largely forgotten. Now, 30 years later, two Winnipeg doctors, John Alcock, 62, and Joseph Kaudert, 60, have,

with the aid of a \$70,000 federal grant, conducted the first comprehensive follow-up of 220 victims—to determine how the paralyzing disease affected their lives.

For most of the surviving victims who suffered from varying degrees of paralysis, learning to take care of themselves is a process that continues as there were no consumer advocacy groups for the disabled back then. For the victims who turned to relatives for help, Alcock established the first home-care service department, and insurance companies quickly demand motorized wheelchairs and portable respirators. About 98 per cent of the victims who responded to the doctors' study recovered enough to lead productive lives. One, Robert Donaldson, 56, is a federal tax-treasurer official in British Columbia, while another, David Stoen, 57, whose arms are still paralyzed, is a senior civil servant in the Manitoba government. Silvers, who was six when he was stricken by the disease, has had a car modified with special foot controls so he can travel throughout the province. Medical engineers have modified foot controls so the iron lung in which he sleeps so that he can open and close it himself.

Slightly 17 per cent of the 220 victims with acute respiratory problems who responded to an earlier study by the doctors needed permanent respirators, confining them to life in hospital. But most have refused to allow the tragedy to rule their lives and they have set up small businesses selling cosmetics, pottery and lottery tickets from their hospital beds. One innovative patient, Betty Baugler, 56, has spent the past 30 years in the Winnipeg Municipal Hospital Reservoir, who had two small children when polio struck in 1953, has written a book about her experiences. Called *Trapped*, it has sold about 7,000 copies. Skye Baugler, who also earns money by selling her oil paintings "We are living proof that hope springs eternal."

Because many of the polio victims of the 1950s are now middle-aged, their needs are changing. "Parents and spouses or other relatives may be too old to help as they once did," says Alcock, the medical director of the Winnipeg Municipal Hospital, where 16 of the victims live alone, and Kaudert wants to determine what aging problems are unique to polio victims so that provisions can be made for their future care. Says Kaudert: "Rather than rehospitalizing a lot of people when their families become too old to help them, we should be planning ahead, perhaps for more residences for the polio-handicapped or for any other large group of handicapped people, such as those disabled in war."

—PETER CALDWELL GORDON
in Winnipeg



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Yoho National Park, British Columbia. Photo: Claude Bellemare, Mennen Corp. 1972. 620 Fifth St., Seattle 4/C. Canada VFR 202

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COLUMN

Firming up the mattress industry

By Charles Gordon

Things have come to a pretty pass in the banking business in Canada, and only one thing seems to be the bank of Canada will have to become a real bank and start giving out dairy-customer-bearing accounts and books of cheques.

Consider the present situation. The banks have learned almost all of their opacity to customers that night, and are able to print their back because the price of oil is coming down. The price of oil is now something we all forget to worry about a few years ago when we were still working on a previous crisis. The money that is not out in loans to oil-exporting countries has been sent to Dunn Petroleum. The banks keep just enough money on hand to give as \$20 across the counter when we hand over a withdrawal slip. Strict federal laws require all banks to keep \$20 on hand for just that purpose. This is how the banks keep the public confident in them. Without public confidence in the banks, the system would crumble and people would keep all their money under the mattress and not get a good night's rest.

With respect to consumer confidence, it is only fair to point out that people still go to banks. Every morning, at opening time, there is a lineup outside the bank. Every day at lunch hour, there is a lineup inside the bank. But—and you may not have noticed this—there is also a lineup, all day long, outside the mattress store.

No one knows exactly when those things started. It may have been the day a customer asked to look at his account and the bank told him it would cost him a dollar to look at the printed. The mattress store lineup may have begun there or it may have started a few minutes later when the same customer was exceedingly tickled that he could look at his cancelled cheques for nothing.

Whenever the mattress store lineup began, they were in full swing on the day a customer asked for some cheques and was told that they would cost him a buck. These were the beautiful cheques bearing not only the name of the bearer but also a full-color picture of mountains, waterfalls or verdant forests. The customer said he did not really need verdant forests as his cheques, since he just gave them away after signing them. If it was all the same to the bank, how would it be if he just took

some of the plain old cheques bearing the bearer's name and account number. The bank said it did not make those anymore, but he could have some cheques for nothing that did not bear his name, or anyone else's name either, for that matter.

This sounded like a pretty good deal to the customer, until he found out that the stores would not take cheques that did not have his name—or anyone else's—on them, unless he produced a credit card. The credit card, like the one above, obviates free cheques, came from the bank. The bank was now talking about changing its credit cards in one way or another. This bank was doing that because people were paying off their credit card bills promptly, as the bank used to like people to do in the days when banks were dark, high-ceilinged places, and the tellers did not dress up in costumes on Halloween. Now the bank was not making any interest

The run on mattress stores began when the banks bought ads blaming customers for long lineups inside banks

money from people paying their bills promptly and might have to eliminate the free coffee and cookies on Customer Appreciation Day.

The run on the mattress store might have begun then. Some trained observers thought so. Others thought that it did not start until the banks began buying newspaper ads in which they blamed their customers for the fact that the banks inside the banks were becoming longer. "Well, some people are running in more often," the ads say. "Some of our customers come in every day," the ads say, tactfully adding that "They're more careful with their money. They make smaller withdrawals and they shift money around to take advantage of things like daily interest." Then the ads suggest, "How about trying one of our automated banking machines?" In the newspaper ad the customer is a bit apologetic for coming into the bank and causing a lineup. In real life the customer runs out the door without stopping at an automated banking machine and heads down the street to join the lineup outside the mattress store.

Only a miracle can save the banks—no, not even that—just a miracle. A government bank. Just as Petro-Canada has saved the gas station industry in this country, so could a government banking network save the banks. You will remember that the government was not always in the gas station business. Petro-Canada originally just owned things that had something to do with oil. Nobody knew exactly what it did. However, pumping gas has always had a peculiar fascination for politicians. It is a Freudian thing, no doubt, and better not to dwell on it. But there it is. The Liberals made Petro-Canada into a gas station. Then, not too long after that, the Conservatives opened a gas station of their own, near Charlton Place, Ont.

Ostensibly, this Conservative gas station's purpose was to demonstrate opposition to the metric system. But those who were there to watch the members of Parliament gleefully handle the pumps and nozzles and whatnot knew otherwise. The Liberals pumped pure gas in their chain of Petrocan stations that the Tories do in their one, but they are all having a fine time.

And who is to say that they would not amply themselves just as much counting out money in a bank? Although it may lose something in the telling, working in a bank can be a lot of fun. Once the Bank of Canada is charged into a bank, the fun can begin. Right now, it just deals with the money supply, conference reporters and announces the weekly auction of Treasury bills. It does not sell beautiful cheques, run an automated banking machine or buy ads in newspapers.

But it has money, a slow gas can in the banking business. If you had a twenty that was just a little bit singed from lighting a cigar on it, thinking it was a one, you could go to the Bank of Canada right now and exchange it for a better twenty. So the Bank of Canada would not have any difficulty covering that \$20 withdrawal slip. Even if the \$20 was not handy, the Bank of Canada could print it.

A few pots on chains, some velvet ropes, and the Bank of Canada would be in business, as a bank, instead of a Bank. Give something was done to reverse the depressed state of the mattress industry, the economy would be back on the rails.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.



Crooks in His Kitchen: Mulroney In Ottawa: Friendship of convenience are forming an awkward political alliance

CANADA

Winning friends and influencing Tories

By Carol Gour

What Brian Mulroney decided to launch his bid for the Conservative leadership this week on the same day as John Crosbie, he took the unusual step of calling Crosbie to apologize. Since then a courtesy call, the gesture was a preface of the crafty politicking behind the scenes in the Tory leadership race. Instead of keeping a frosty distance from one another, the major contenders are doing their best to be friendly now. The reason such candidates know that his fate at the Ottawa convention in June could depend on attracting the support of others eliminated early in the race: "The personal relations among the candidates are great," Mulroney told Maclean's in a three-hour interview last week. "You've got to have a capacity for warmth."

One such covenant friendship is between Newfoundland millionaire Crosbie and former Toronto mayor David Crombie. Both have privately said that they would greet their supporters toward Mulroney as a second choice

Crosbie and Crosbie, in turn, are casting envious eyes on the supporters of former party leader Joe Clark. As a top Crosbie aide put it: "The theory that has guided most of our actions is: 'Don't get into fights with Joe Clark.'"

Against that backdrop of whistling and dealing, the public developments in the leadership race continued apace. Crosbie and Mulroney confirmed that they would make their much-expected candidacies official this week on the first day of spring. Crosbie at a luncheon of Toronto's Canadian Club and Mulroney at a press conference in Ottawa's National Arts Theatre. Ministerial lawyer and former party president Peter Blaikie poised the flag in Montreal late last week. Ontario Premier William Davis committed to keep the party—and his own laylathe—on terra firma. And all those predictable campaign developments, there was one slight surprise: party headquarters dryly predicted that the rules of the June convention forbade the consumption of alcohol in candidates' hospitality suites during official convention functions.

But Crosbie needs more than money. In the past two years he has worked on reanchoring his image. A circle of trusted advisors, including campaign manager John Lachance, has persuaded him to soften his hokey bursts of down-home banter. They have caused him to switch from his garish suits to what key workers call "sensible business dress."

Still, many fear that his late-1970s reputation as the court jester of the Conservatives could jeopardize his leadership prospects. Crosbie denies the suggestion. "That's such a piddling criticism that I don't think anyone can take it seriously," he said. "I can be legiti-



mately as hell. If I have to be boorish and laughous to impress the Canadian public, then I'll do just that because I don't think that's true." Oddly enough, the personality trait that causes Crosbie strategists to fear his whimsical rather than his off-the-wall, in fact, also wins him converts. In fact, one aide with an anonymous Crosbie pollster says: "He has more than 20 on his side."

But the "sweet" Mulroney—meanas

have yielded considerable gains. The candidate who could only manage to attract two fits in his camp in 1979 now claims he has more than 20 on his side. Although most insist on remaining anonymous, his list of supporters includes three former leadership candidates and MPs in every province except New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Quebec.

Crosbie knows he cannot match Mulroney in as glimmer candidate.

His working point is his parliamentary experience, his intellect and his capacity for hard work to impress delegates. Producing a "very solid and respectable position" for Crosbie on the front ballot, his supporters hope he will charge up from behind and overtake the familiar leadership race in the race.

In contrast, Mulroney Mulroney is fighting to prove that he is made of more than charm and glibber. In 1979, when he took his first run at the leadership and finished third, the Toronto Globe and Mail concluded, "It was a media myth, plastered together with dollar bills, free lunches, pool organizers, lots of hoopla and little content." Mulroney still bristles at this assessment. "That would be the kind of easy, fig, cynical statement that journalists students should assume is the kind of thing to avoid," he snapped.

While the 46-year-old president of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada declined to discuss past mistakes, he admits he will conduct a different campaign this time. It will aim to stress fragility, substantive buckroom planning and an abundance of face-to-face meetings with delegates in living rooms, church basements and community halls.

Mulroney's lavish surroundings and his refusal to disclose the source of campaign donations in 1979 were the visible flaws of his first leadership bid, but other serious problems were not on public display. One was that he had virtually no support among Conservative MPs. Another was his insistence that his lack of parliamentary experience was an advantage.

Now he admits frankly that "the fact that you consider it a legitimate campaign" To make up for his lack of a political base in Ottawa, he has travelled to the capital for several all-day rounds of meetings with various MPs, such as George Hees and Alan Hampton.

In one such long last week, Mulroney, who was recently cited in an Anglo-Saxons magazine as his trademark Italian letter, remained in a modest suite in the Chateau Laurier while a massive procession of federal and provincial Tories paraded through. At one point the aide who was stage-managing the interview had to ask me to

through the door of the sitting room while another was dispatched through the bedroom door to knock discreetly with the ones who don't want others to know they've been here," he grumbled.

But the "sweet" Mulroney—meanas have yielded considerable gains. The candidate who could only manage to attract two fits in his camp in 1979 now claims he has more than 20 on his side. Although most insist on remaining anonymous, his list of supporters includes three former leadership candidates and MPs in every province except New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Quebec.

bring in more tax revenue from a more vigorous business sector. And the way to bring about a healthier economy is to increase Canadian and foreign investment that the government is essential to free enterprise.

- On the testing of the cruise missile. He would be in favour if firsthand intelligence from the arms健康会 that such testing could improve the prospects for early talks.
- On abortion. He says that it should be allowed in limited circumstances for compassionate reasons. Bill 32 should not be a norm of birth control.
- On capital punishment. While he favors abolition of the death sentence, he would hold a free vote in Parliament and abide by the results. According to most polls, this would mean reinstatement of the death penalty.

Still, both Mulroney and his supporters know where his real strength lies: personal magnetism—not policy—will decide the leadership contest. As one longtime Mulroney supporter observed: "People have trouble being galvanized by good, solid administration—I think everybody wants a little sex appeal."

Like Mulroney, fellow Montrealer Blaikie is out to prove he is not just another pretty face. Blaikie believes he has established his credentials twice by running federally and losing, to Liberal Ron Blake in Lacolle. Despite being born and bred in Shawinigan, the doughty battaglia Blaikie is not presenting himself as a favorite son from Quebec, insisting that he could have trouble even winning a seat in a by-election there.

All of the known hopefuls are now in the race with one important exception—Devit-Kep strategists insist of the cause expect some support, though not necessarily a declaration, from the Ontario premier by the end of the month. Beginning March 26, voting associations across the country will hold their nomination meetings to choose the six delegates they will send to the Ottawa Civic Centre in June. If Davis does not sit tight but at his place, he will miss a valuable opportunity to make sure his supporters have voting privileges at the convention.

Clark's workers, who feel they would be badly hurt—but not killed—by Davis, were giving every penny on Davis' entry. Should he take his place in the race, he too will undoubtedly behave with extreme courtesy—hoping that anxiety will pay off in the June on the Ottawa convention floor.

With Murray Jacobs in Vancouver, Anne Brown in Montreal, Michael Chapman in St. John, Mary Duggan in Ottawa, Stephen Kimber in Nova Scotia and Patricia Soper in Regina.



Battle in Montreal: just a pretty face?

The tactics in the interviews employed have psychology. Mulroney tried to convince each MP that he considered the most important person in Ottawa, at least during the lead-up to the convention. "We all want to be used," he said, explaining his approach. "We all want to be appreciated and to feel that our voice is heard." His reasons to add, however, that he also has policies and ideas to offer.

On the proposed \$25-billion federal deficit: "The way to cut it, he says, is to

First nations, first ministers

They represented only six per cent of the country's population, but the leaders of Canada's native peoples had finally arrived at the cold stone chamber of national negotiation in Ottawa's old Union Station. The traditional headresses, the peace pipe ceremony and the prayer-shouting shaman boasting evoked images of past wrongs. Yet, after two intense days of televised talk, the aboriginal, determined representatives of 1.5 million people had staved their case for returning home to their original ways. To be sure, they were angry, because any benefits from their bargain with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his prime ministers still lie in the unpredictable hands of white politicians. But it was

also clear that they had obtained a better deal than they feared they might simply taking part in the conference was a victory of sorts. Said David Abramson of the Assembly of First Nations: "This is the first time in the history of our relationship that there is a constitutional process in which first nations have agreed."

In the conference, federal and provincial governments agreed to constitutional amendments that would provide future conferences on native rights, assure that aboriginal and treaty rights law equally to men and women and engage native groups in federal-provincial talks on any future amendments affecting native interests. Only René Lévesque, who joined in the peace pipe ceremony, refused to sign as assured, he said, would imply recognition of the Constitution Act itself.

The amendments were to be approved by Parliament and the legislatures of at least seven provinces. But one change—the sexual equality clause—provided immediate controversy and misunderstanding. It declared that "aboriginal and treaty rights" will be "guaranteed equally to male and female persons." It did not directly create sexual discrimination from the Indian Act. Among other things, that act strips a woman of her formal Indian status if she marries a non-Indian; it does not impose the same penalty on Indian men. Federal government lawyers insist that the general sexual equality provision in the Charter of Rights overrides the Indian Act and that the new clause adopted last week was unnecessary. Native women pressed for the new amendment, MacGuigan bowed to pressure by chastising Trudeau himself.

Juris Doctor MacGuigan actually arranged the final session with provincial ministers' general and native negotiators.

The key meeting took place on the first evening of the conference, when MacGuigan jostled and pushed the provinces into a compromise. After 3½ hours all but Quebec and Alberta had agreed to confirm future native rights conference in the Constitution. Federal draftsmen then worked until 5 a.m., transforming the political settlement into legal language, only to see it start to unravel under the television lights. At the urging of British Columbia's William Bennett, Trudeau wisely suspended argument over the award and sent it back for repairs. To win agreement, MacGuigan bowed to press-



Indian leader Alex Skaseff offers Trudeau a small gift. Externat (left) and Abramson (right) — excluding lawyers



Externat (left) and Abramson (right) — excluding lawyers

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Both in the television sessions and in private bargaining, debate was intense and often frustrating. William Wilson of the Native Council of Canada said at one point that "as soon as we get close to saying, there seems to be a strategy to keep something meaningful from taking place." On one side, the native groups, representing less than 10 per cent of the Assembly of First Nations to drop a federally drafted list of priorities for future talks. Alberta's Peter Lougheed, for one, had opposed a clause committing provinces as well as Ottawa to negotiate treaties "for the sake of aboriginal rights."

As Trudeau and some provinces signed the accord one by one, Lévesque wilyly warned the native leaders against the "danger of these right shifts"—reversing the right in November, 1981, when the Constitution Act was negotiated with the Quebec delegation slept. Once again, Quebec had been isolated outside a constitutional compromise. As for the other participants, the ambiguous outcome of the conference echoed Trudeau's own somewhat partway through: "I think we are making progress, slowly."

—JOHN HAY
in Ottawa



WILFRED Before taking dividends from a pasture auction

The farmer who is eating again

Agriculturist Allen Wilford left a Stratford, Ont., jail last week confident that his eight-day hunger strike finally spurred Parliament into action on farm bankruptcy legislation for which he and his 3,800 member Canadian Farmers Survival Association (CPSA) have been fighting. Wilford gave up his fast—water and Tang only—just Wednesday when he learned that the Commons had given second reading to Bill C-623, a private member's bill introduced by Liberal back-bencher Ralph Ferguson, which would make a judge arbitrary between the banks and the farmers as it attempts to forestall foreclosures.

The crusade, born in the dog-eaten beef cattle country around Owen Sound, Ont., has been pushing hope through word of mouth to farmers for more than a year. There have been sound demonstrations in Ottawa and in Toronto's Queen's Park Blockades set up at the Ontario Food Terminal in Etobicoke to enlist support from truckers. Sympathizers staged "solid defiance" at foreclosed farms to prevent bailiffs from removing the last remnants of equipment. Some 10,000 have gathered here and elsewhere in other established institutions.

Last week the Canadian Bankers Association declared that passage of Bill C-623 would prompt letters to the provinces, additional credits to existing credit and the like. "It was a very difficult year," says Ferguson. "The problem is that by the time the legislation is passed, it will be too late for us to do anything." That proved that the tough bank credit policies of the past two years have worked, said Ferguson. The only difference between Ballock and Ferguson was that the banker reads the tea leaves of world financial markets while Ferguson has been sounding鼓风机 (fan) questions returned by 2,000 of his federation's 8,000 members.

As both men share the view

that Ottawa has failed to increase its debt or borrow for new and inflationary spending programs. That point was made by Prime Minister Marc Lalonde when he too made an announcement last week: next year's fed-

eral budget would balloon to

over \$10 billion.

While consistency may have taken a back seat to political expediency, the dearth of new initiatives from the eye of the uncertainty of politically motivated decisions about the economy. "The problem with government is timing," agrees John Ballock, the chairman of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "The problem is a government spending inflation has time lag of six to 12 months. You have people in the opposition trying to act now—and saying that you need new initiatives but it doesn't do anything."

Last week at a press conference to announce the Bank of Canada's annual report, Gov. David Dodge appeared to agree with Ballock when he urged Ottawa to hold the line on stimulating the economy so that the much-needed recovery could take place. It was a vintage Ballock: tiny the nose, manageably high-spirited, the smile by the moment, the judgment that inflation had fallen to a six-year low of 7.4 per cent. That proved that the tough bank credit policies of the past two years have worked, said Ferguson. The only difference between Ballock and Ferguson was that the banker reads the tea leaves of world financial markets while Ferguson has been sounding鼓风机 (fan) questions returned by 2,000 of his federation's 8,000 members.

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MACLEAN'S/MARCH 28, 1983 13

The economy was the main course

Canada's 18 provincial premiers emerged into the dim March night, each with a different version of what had been served up by their host, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. With an evening off from their constitutional discussions with Canada's native groups, the premiers dined with Trudeau and chewed over the economy. A disgruntled Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford left the table early because he favored immediate economic stimulus, while the talk centered more on the longer term. René Lévesque sniped about Quebec's lack of input into Ottawa's spending budget. Several premiers and their spouses mused "structural changes" to the economy. It was left to Manitoba's Howard Pawley to sum up the obvious lesson from the night's attempt at nation-building. "There is no consistent policy approach at this point," he said as he left St. Boniface Drive.

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more than \$30 billion. For Lalonde the culprit is not more government spending but reduced tax revenues because of the recession. When Lalonde's committee reviewed the markets, the Canadian dollar sagged slightly, but world money markets were prepared to take at face value Lalonde's insistence that any stimulus in his budget, expected in mid-April, will be mild. "The danger of excessive stimulation," says Belbeck, "is that it sends signals to investors, internationally and at home, that the government is not going to maintain a long-term concern about inflation."

The 1 message is clear to the ears of the long-suffering Bosley. The bank's annual report also contained uncharacteristically pessimistic statements from a man not usually given to emotional outbursts. In his opening statement Bosley said that "things will not go very well until [there is] strengthening of confidence in national currencies. Confidence in money was slow to come and should not be expected to recover quickly." Bosley argued that the old trade-off between revenue and unemployment had been rendered invalid by what he termed the "Great Inflation of the 1970s." That was Bosley's way of denigrating the traditional Keynesian formula, that governments can pump money into the economy and expand new jobs to be created as a result. Governments might also have been able to spend their way through recessions "when confidence in the future value of money was high," Bosley maintained, "but those days are past."

Nominal government spending would likely send the dollar tumbling. It would also further depress the housewives who had urged the finance minister toward restraint in his three months of consultations with them.

While they may have been playing to home audiences as they left their dinner with Trudeau, the premiers have so far followed Bosley's line and have not succumbed to "spend now" pressure from politicians back home. The Bank of Canada's report reinforced their commitment to call for stimulative by Ottawa while keeping the lid on at home. Newfoundland's budget, for example, brought down two days after Pfeiffer called for federal stimulus, kept job creation to a bare minimum. Labrador also introduced a small job creation program but justified it would not increase its deficit.

For his part, Bosley had a warning for all politicians. "People tend to believe more what they see than what governments and central banks say they're doing," Bosley declared. And if any lesson could be learned from 1983, that would be the one most worth remembering.

—IAN ANDERSON
in Ottawa

The Playhouse is the thing



Georgetown Theatre before the fire. (Courtesy photo)

Georgetown is a back-hack town in a have-not province. A faded sign at the entrance to the little community overlooking the eastern reaches of Northumberland Strait asserts its claim: THE INDUSTRIAL CENTRE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. But the message is more wishful (than real) for the town of 750 people. In a kind of reverse Midas touch, every plan for Georgetown's prosperity seems to turn from gold to dross. Two years ago the duck-processing plant closed down, eliminating jobs for more than 400 people. Despite repeated government efforts, there seemed little chance that it will reopen in the near future. The other major employer, Georgetown Shipyards, the scene of a financial scandal in the 1980s that costed it a provincial government takeover, limps along on small contracts with frequent layoffs and uncertain prospects. Mayor Charles Macmillan, himself one of the 100 workers at the shipyard, proposed last fall to give away low-owned lots to anyone willing to build a house or business in a desperate attempt to stimulate activity in a town where unemployment is running at about 20 per cent.

Amid the general depression, one of the few sources of community pride was the King's Playhouse. The 90-year-old wooden structure has for the past two years been the base of summer stock companies that have generated welcome tourist dollars. Audiences flock for expanded facilities at the 300-seat theatre, built when Georgetown was a thriving seaport, were close to fruition when the town took yet another blow late last month. During the worst storm of the winter a fire burned the King's Playhouse to the ground, as volunteer firemen watched helplessly.

—RONNIE WELLS in Charlottetown

In despair, the citizens of Georgetown, led by Bea Blair, who is on the board of the theatre foundation and a tireless community promoter, decided to fight back. Shortly after the blaze Blair and her committee launched plans to rebuild on the same site. Local residents and other volunteers rallied to the cause. Only two days after the fire, Blair had received nearly 50 telephone calls offering help. Since then letters containing unclassified funds have continued to pour in. In all, the restoration drive had raised \$22,000 by last week.

Noting the "fantastic" response, Blair said, "I call them sympathetic cards, because losing the theatre was just like losing a death in the family." Further relief is in sight. Next month a Charlottetown radio station plans a special phone-in show to raise more money, and numerous volunteers are expected to pitch in when the rebuilding actually starts this summer. In fact, the only controversy that is likely to arise is a dispute over the design of the new theatre. Many local people, who hardly recall receiving their school diplomas on its stage, are anxious about an appearance by Hesiod in his early career—they even claim to remember a performance by Sarah Bernhardt—an exact replica of the old, Elizabethan revival structure. "But I've never had to work in the theatre," Blair says. In fact, the old theatre's tiny stage, lack of rehearsal space and makeshift dressing rooms was the bane of the extra company. Blair is undeterred by the debate; indeed, she is determined to have Prince Charles lay the cornerstone of the new building when he visits Prince Edward Island with the Princess of Wales this summer—even if a cornerstone in all there is."

—RONNIE WELLS in Charlottetown

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A widening credibility gap

As is often the case in official Washington, the tone of the hub in circulation is a key to the current mood of the administration. One of the most popular, if brief, jokes begins with a question, "How soon will the president want you to resign?" The answer: "As soon as he decides full confidence in your performance." For nervous White House aids, the jest reflects a grim reality. Several senior officials have resigned recently only hours, or days, after President Ronald Reagan affirmed his loyalty to them. Last week Deputy National Security Adviser Thomas Reed, vice-chairman of the special committee on banishing the MX missile, became the latest adviser to quit that agency. A New York federal grand jury is currently investigating a 1985 stock transaction in which Reed participated a \$12.5 million investment in Amoco Inc. options into a quick \$600,000 profit in stock options of the mining company. The Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) concluded that Reed had traded on inside information—his father is an Amoco director—and ordered him to sue his past to repay investor claims. Reagan expressed "full confidence," but Reed announced that he will leave the White House when the SEC committee releases its recommendations next month.

In addition to unsettling the White House staff, Reed's announced departure hampered the administration's efforts to preserve the credibility of its arms control policies. Now, critics asked, could a man who evidently flouted SEC rules be treated with respect on the nation's nuclear capability? Not only that, but on Capitol Hill the House of Representatives moved closer to endorsing a nuclear freeze resolution—the passage is expected after Easter. And Senate confirmation for Kenneth Adelman to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) remained in jeopardy. Meanwhile, influential Republican Senator Charles Percy added his powerful support to a lobby urging Washington to seek an interim solution with Moscow on the planned deployment of intermediate-range missiles in Europe.

The House resolution—similar to one defeated by only two votes a year ago—calls on Washington to negotiate with Moscow a mutual and verifiable freeze on the production, testing and deploy-

ment of nuclear weapons. It is not blinding on the president and it specifically rules out a unilateral U.S. freeze.

But, as its more than 300 Congressmen clearly hope, the resolution will have a symbolic importance, persuading NATO allies—and millions of Americans—that Washington seriously wants an arms control agreement. At the same

time, opposition against it—Reagan, the most serious obstacles arise from a memo to Adelman, in his capacity as arms chief-of-staff, apparently written by aids to Gen. Edward Bowey, the chief U.S. strategic arms negotiator in Geneva. The document evaluates more than a dozen staffers at ACDA and is the usual arms limitation talk. It describes most of them as being deficient in carrying out their tasks and it is critical of those wanting an arms agreement at any price. The close implications of the memorandum is that Adelman intended to conduct a thorough housecleaning, although he expressly denied during testimony to the foreign relations committee that he has any such intention.

But it is on the vital issue of cruise and Pershing II missile deployment in Europe that the administration is facing its most intense political and diplomatic pressure. Recently, most European governments have all out publicly that Washington should formally drop its zero-option proposal—no NATO deployment of Mowag missiles unless all of its 600 intermediate-range weapons. The NATO allies believe that an interim solution, allowing each side to deploy a limited number of the new missiles, should be negotiated.

Such a proposal was discussed by officials of the state department last week. But the White House has not yet decided to abandon the zero option. Hard-liners within the administration argue that Moscow will only negotiate seriously after NATO deployment begins in planned later this year. Others, including U.S. intermediate nuclear forces negotiator Paul Nitze, regard the zero option as a worthy but unnecessary goal.

For its part, the Soviet Union continues to fully agreeably against deployment. Gennady Arbatov, an associate of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov, wrote in *Pravda* last week that if NATO proceeds with the planned deployment, Moscow will respond by stationing missiles near U.S. shores—a reference, perhaps, to nuclear-armed submarines en route from Soviet ports, to Cuba.

Clearly, though the next move will be initiated in Washington, the present is expected to underway a compromise proposal, but not before the Geneva negotiations move into this month. Reagan must now bring his aides together before his administration's credibility gap widen any further.

—MICHAEL POLLACK in Washington.



Antinuclear demonstrators' jeopardy

time. It effectively undermines the Pentagon's attempt to modernize the U.S. nuclear deterrent. The military claims that Moscow is leading in the missile race, but the freeze concept is based on the belief that the size of the superpowers' arsenals is roughly equal.

Reagan is continuing to press for the Adelman nomination, despite the Senate Foreign Relations committee's rec-

Washington takes the initiative

Above the rubble-strewn streets of Berlin, the Stars and Stripes fluttered last week from a pole in the fog of El Salvador. Refugee laborers worked to repair the devastation that resulted when government troops took back the city from Salvadorean rebels after a series of deadly skirmishes. At the same time, posters bearing the red, white and blue insignia of the U.S. state department's Agency for International Development (AID) reminded local residents that Washington is financing a \$300,000 pilot project to rebuild Berlin's infrastructure. The program, designed by the Americans but controlled by the government of President Alvaro Magaña, is part of a major new attempt to win the confidence of civilians. But that task will not be easy. "First, the Americans and the money for planes to bomb us," a homeless Berlin woman complained. "Then they send the money to reconstruct. We have every kind of plague here."

The reconstruction of Berlin is only the first stage in Washington's latest pan-American initiative in Central America. The program is reminiscent of the U.S. Civil Operations and Rural Development Support (COSUR) in Vietnam—an effort to break guerrilla influence decisively. If Congress approves to provide the remaining funding for the undertaking, the plan will be implemented in several stages. U.S.-trained Salvadorean troops will launch concentrated attacks on rebel strongholds, particularly in the strategic province of San Vicente, as well as in Usulután, where Berlin is located. Then AID and the Salvadorean counterpart, the Salvadorean National Commission for Regional Restoration, will fund public works projects to bolster civilian trust in the Magaña government. And, to ensure that the guerrillas do not slip back into cleared regions, civil defense forces will be charged with maintaining effective counterinsurgency operations.

Administration officials contend that the plan will stop an alarming four-month series of tribal massacres, including the reported capture in January of the town of Berlin. But before the campaign begins, Congress must approve an additional \$15 million in military aid for the 1980 fiscal year and another \$60 million in economic assistance on top of the \$300 million already started. And Representative Clarence D. Long (D-La.) is one, whose support is crucial because of his position as chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee on foreign operations, says he is still not convinced that

the planned measures will produce peace. President Ronald Reagan refuses to pursue negotiations with the guerrillas until after the Salvadorean election next December, and Long has threatened to cut further assistance unless the talks start soon. Said Long: "The administration has to understand that without a broad-based political solution, they're not going to get the money I'm not going to support throwing money down a bigger and bigger rat-hole."

The U.S. presence in Vietnam has left many Americans wary of increasing the country's involvement in El Sal-

vador. Free-his-assignment Washington's European allies for "refusing to help those who want to build up democracy in El Salvador and other Central American countries." For his part, the assistant secretary for inter-American affairs, Thomas Enders, declared, "If El Salvador falls, no country in Central America will be safe."

Some critics of the Reagan administration's new deal in El Salvador argue that the current program is Vietnam—which is generally considered to have been a success—re-enacted problems because of weak management and corruption. As a part of Vietnamese officials. Those same difficulties, the critics contend, may arise in El Salvador. Still, the U.S. ambassador in San Salvador, Dennis R. Blattman, says that "the [Vietnam] doctrine of how you live with

these intruders is applicable with some variations elsewhere." But even Berlin's mayor, Santiago Yáñez Beteta, a member of the right-wing Alianza Republicana Nacionalista party, expressed concern that corruption will eat away much of the U.S. aid funds intended for his city. Said Yáñez: "The [U.S.] starts at the central reserve bank and get passed down. By the time everyone gets his cut, who knows what will be left for us."

In addition, even if Washington can overcome domestic opposition to the program and ensure that the funds are administered properly, it may still fail to win Salvadorean confidence. In the past both massive sweeps by troops and the use of civil defense patrols, like the armed forces have seemed to reinforce rather than alienate. Despite the government's support for human rights abuses against the population, the El Salvadoran Bishop Cuernas, Monseñor García Vilas, was shot near San Salvador. The defense ministry said she was killed in a car fire. But the commission claimed that she had been murdered by government-backed forces.

Meanwhile, the proposed pacification scheme depends "with us or against us" commitment from civilians and that could lead to a new range of fear in Berlin and in El Salvador generally. —ANDREW McLELLAN in San Salvador



U.S. military adviser with Salvadorean soldier: attacks

and the numerous similarities between the Salvadorean program and its predecessor, COSUR, do not end with comparison of the military and economic aid. For one thing, most of the 30 U.S. military advisers currently operating in El Salvador are career or more than in Vietnam. But administration spokesmen strongly defended the new initiative last week. In an angry appearance before a Senate foreign relations subcommittee, Undersecretary of De-



Prime Minister Botha (center); Treurniet (second from left) at a apartheid rally

SOUTH AFRICA

Challenging the ultra right

It was the kind of challenge that parliamentarians often turn into a heated debate. When South Africa's Marples Minister Stephanus Botha resigned his seat after daring an ultra-rightist MP to do the same—a test of popularity in an otherwise divided legislature—it set in motion a potentially explosive chain of events. Botha, a member of the governing National Party, issued his provocative challenge to Andries Treurniet, leader of the breakaway Conservative Party—and Treurniet promptly accepted. Relations between the government and Treurniet's 17 dissident nationalists MPs have been acrimonious ever since Treurniet led a revolt last year against Prime Minister Piter Botha's modest attempts to reform the country's apartheid system. Then, late last month, in an angry parliamentary exchange over an otherwise trivial debate, the sharp-witted minister said to Treurniet, "Well resign my seat if you resign yours." Now the two men are fighting for their political survival—Botha in his Soetshoek ridge in traditionally conservative northern Transvaal, Treurniet just down the hill in a ring of Waterberg. Commented an Afrikaans newspaper *Die Burger*: "It's like a game of Russian roulette. Someone has to get killed."

The combatants are close-mouthed and punctilious. Fights have broken out of meetings, and both parties have sent

their best campaigners into the ridges. The reason for the heated nature of the recent debate for Soetshoek would seriously embarrass the government and perhaps force Prime Minister Botha to involve his allies to give a measure of parliamentary representation to South Africa's coloquio (people of mixed race) and Asian ethnic groups, but not to the Black majority who will still be made citizens of the breakaway tribal homelands that Botha is creating around the country. On the other hand, observers say that, if Treurniet loses, the defeat may destroy his political fortunes and those of his breakaway party.

With the timing of the votes—still seven weeks away—and the prevailing mood in the Transvaal region, where the contestants are being waged, favor the Conservatives. Indeed, the prime minister recently said that he will call an early election—the next one is due in 1986—because it would jeopardize his efforts to deal with the nation's economic difficulties. Party



—ALLISTER SPARKS
Johannesburg

leaders say that his misgivings involved the government in hypothesis. "It was entirely unplanned," said another cabinet member. "Prime Minister Botha's [sic] had a rash of blood to the head, and we are stuck with it."

The site of the hypothesis is ideal for Transvaal Afrikaner conservatism: it is deeply rooted in the Transvaal, and Soetshoek is located on the border of secessionist and increasingly turbulent Zimbabwe, a province that has tightened the hard-line attitudes of whites in the riding. Not only that, but the two constituencies are in a farming area that is suffering through its worst drought of the century in the midst of the country's deepest recession since the 1930s.

Still, Treurniet has announced at least one setback so far. While the by-election dates were announced, the Conservative leader attempted to form a local alliance with the even more right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party (HNP) in an attempt to keep the first-vote intact. But Leader Jaap Marais withdrew his candidate from Soetshoek. "I want to see Piter Botha bite the dust," he said. But the two chief refused to leave the race in Waterberg clear for Treurniet.

Meanwhile, a third supporting election to the main assembly will take place in a riding in the South African capital, Pretoria. In throwing down the gauntlet, Botha included a third Conservative MP, Thomas Langley, in his dare. Langley, too, accepted. But if he loses, it will not be to the nationalists. With the right-wing vote split between the government and the Conservatives, the vote nationwide, Progressive Federal Party, which has been making significant gains at the municipal and national levels, might snatch a victory. It is, in fact, the only party that may emerge as the unqualified beneficiary of Botha's retirement.

AUSTRIA

How did Prince Rudolf die?

In a muddle of vice-crossed love, the tale of the scandal pact between Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf and his mistress, Baroness Mary Vetsera, ranks second only to that of Helene and Abelard. The couple's doomed romance, which ended in a double shooting at the fairy-tale hunting lodge of Mayerling in 1889, has been elaborated by many historians. It has also been the subject of several films. The latest, in 1989, starred Omar Sharif as the dashing young heir to the Habsburg throne. But last week a new dimension was added to the legend. From Austria's *Der Spiegel*, it was disclosed that the story of aince had a farce age. What really happened at Mayerling, the 80-year-old *Spiegel* alleged, was murder.

But, in view of the last Mayerling research, Emperor Karl claimed that Rudolf and his mistress were assassinated by two conspirators after he refused to take part in a plot to kill his father, Franz Josef, and because he threatened to reveal the intrigue. The theory is not conceivable. Rudolf harbored republican sympathies and, under a pseudonym, he wrote newspaper articles condemning his father's imperialist policies. But Viennese residents last week dismissed the theory as court gossip.

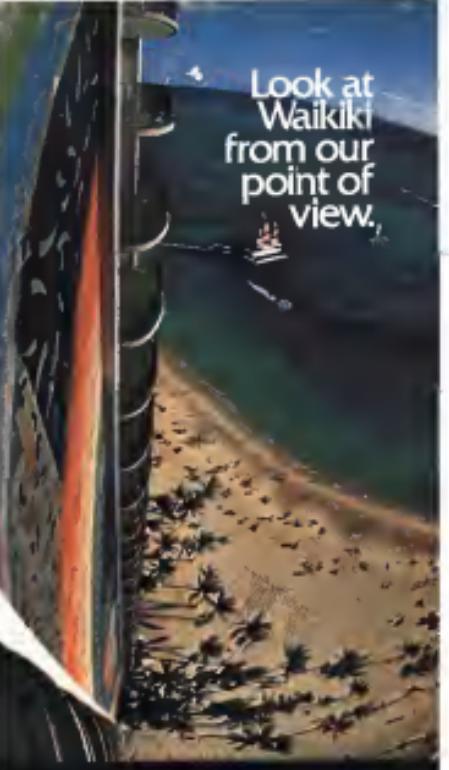
The fact remains, however, that almost every piece of evidence on the crime has mysteriously disappeared from archives. At the same time, Zita, claimed that she knows the names of the men responsible for the murder and she says that she will release them when experts have analyzed the material in her possession.

Rudolf is indeed a legend himself. Because she refused to renounce her claim to the Habsburg throne, Austrian authorities forced her to remain in exile for 40 years until last year, when she made three short, private visits to her homeland.

Some critics speculated that Zita's alibi were singly her way of attracting attention. But one historical fact was undeniably Rudolf's death resulted in the succession of his cousin, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, as heir to the throne. The archduke's assassination in 1914 sparked the First World War and swept away the interlocking monarchies of Central Europe. Whether Rudolf's death was suicide or murder, the shots that rang out 94 years ago in the Vienna woods changed forever the course of European history.

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New York parade grand marshal Flannery (in top hat). His holding self in a wound?

THE UNITED STATES

Bitter rain on St. Pat's parade

When IRA advocate Michael Flannery was selected as grand marshal of last week's St. Patrick's Day extravaganza in New York City, the outcry from Irish and non-Irish Americans alike was deafening. The 11-year-old Flannery is a co-founder of the Irish Northeast Aid Committee, a fund-raising group that has been accused of funnelling an estimated \$250,000 a year into the illegal purchase of arms for the Provisional wing of the IRA. Last November he was acquitted on gun-running charges after lawyers convinced a jury that the outspoken Irish nationalist actually believed that the CIA had sanctioned his activities. For its part, the agency has since denied any knowledge of such a scheme, and even some staunch members of the Irish community considered the court's verdict to be less a tribute to logic than to the weakness of the evidence presented by the prosecution.

Many, though, took issue over last week's parade. While New York City Mayor Edward Koch and state Gov. Mario Cuomo struck up the traditional green hue in the cause of St. Patrick, other politicians and officials were careful to disassociate themselves from the controversial and the country's two most prominent Irish organizations: Daniel O'Connell, the 19th-century leader of the movement along with diplomats from the Irish Republic. Not only that, but the Pentagon banned federal troops from marching, and more than 15 parades declined to have their bands refuse to participate.

"It couldn't continue the violence. It's like rubbing salt in a wound," said Jack Thompson, editor of the Irish Echo, a newspaper which serves a strongly traditional first-generation neighborhood in New York, but a different view. "People saw that trying to solve the Irish problem by nonviolence simply won't bring anymore."

"Flannery's selection was an attempt to get that message out."

Wrapped in the rhetoric that has sustained the republican cause, Flannery himself was not disturbed by the controversy. He denounced President Ronald Reagan for "allowing to the maximum British Queen." Then he claimed that the parade had turned into a "wonderful symbol of hope between the former foes with depictions from the Irish Republic." Not only that, but the Pentagon banned federal troops from marching, and more than 15 parades declined to have their bands refuse to participate.

—RITA CHRISTOPHER in New York

New austerity for the Saudis

By Robin Wright

The sun was on, and women abominated in black veils scurried around a children's clothing stall at the souq (market) in Jeddah, looking for the best buys. Across town the local manager of a European airline marvelled that his Saudi clientele, which once routinely booked first-class seats, now bargained for economy fares. Elsewhere, the legendary oil "crucifix," where wealthy Saudis were draped with even the smallest patch, has given way to a new market in spare parts and secondhand cars. Throughout the land, the signs of the slide in world oil prices are clear. After a decade of an unprecedented boom in world economic history, Saudi Arabia is beginning to feel the pinch. Says a resident European businessman: "You can almost hear the belts tightening."

This need for restraint became all the more apparent last week when a crisis meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries failed to come to an agreement after 10 days of sometimes bitter negotiations. Not only did the group negotiate initial price cuts—10 cents a barrel drop to \$36 (U.S.)—but, for the first time, OPEC also set production quotas. Still, the deal appeared increasingly fragile last week as tensions off-shore grew over oil rights in the Red Sea.

"It is welcomed," said one wealthy Saudi. "It will force us to be more responsible, to plan more carefully and be less impulsive."

Similarly, the Saudi government has publicly claimed that the price drop will not radically affect the desert state. Saudi Finance Minister Shiekh Mihamed Al Abd Al Khad: "Here in Saudi Arabia we have almost completed the infrastructure needed for the future. Our need for big spending is almost finished."

To some extent that is true. Economic experts claim that, dollar for dollar, Saudi Arabia has used its wealth more wisely in both domestic development

and foreign investment than any other developing country. But the Saudis are bracing for an unanticipated heat of austerity. Among the first items to be slashed are plans for new petrochemical plants, plastics or metal industries and major construction projects—just the kind of development designed for long-term economic stability. In the process, the demand for foreign contractors, engineers and consultants is expected to wane. At a gathering of Saudi business leaders last week, Planning Minister Ibrahim Nasir told his listeners that they will now become "a real partner in the development of the country." As one



Used-car auction in Riyadh: as world oil prices slide, Saudi Arabia is beginning to feel the pinch

businessman told *Newsweek*'s following the meeting: "In the past there were few solid Saudi businesses; now there are many. It will be the speculators who feel the crunch first."

In addition, the estimated three million foreign workers in Saudi Arabia may also feel the pinch, particularly the Asians, who hold blue-collar jobs. One Western commercial source suggested that roughly 10 per cent of the foreign work force will be cut over the next 18 months. He noted that Asians have already stopped recruiting and is now beginning to cut back staff.

Although it will be months before the full impact of falling oil prices on the



King Fahd (foreground, right), you can almost hear the belts tightening

other Gulf states will become clear, nor are adjustments are certain. Indeed, the United Arab Emirates may soon have its status as one of the few tax-free havens in the world. Last week a U.A.E. finance official revealed that, although it was unlikely that taxes would be brought in this year, the government was considering imposing them in the future.

For its part, Kuwait has tried to cushion the blow of falling crude prices and production by expanding its industry to include refining and marketing. It recently bought two Gulf Oil refinery units and will serve station networks in Europe. In addition, Kuwait benefits from having avoided its oil wealth as widely last year its income rose, despite record oil revenues, which totalled \$7 billion, for the first time.

Overall, the sharp drop in oil prices has not brought peace to the Arabian peninsula. Indeed, savars in the region predict that the West may eventually suffer from what now appears to be a warlike warning. A Saudi economist: "Prediction of economic recovery based on the drop in oil prices are very dangerous. We have been warning the consumer states, particularly the United States, about this all along, but no one seems to listen."

The Saudi reasoning is that over the next two years Western industrial

The debate over a Canadian price

While OPEC may have reached an uneasy truce at lower oil prices, the work in Canada federal-provincial shadow boxing over domestic pricing policy was well under way. For now, every oil kingdom has been awarded, since the politicians have at least three months before any decision must be made on whether or not to lower the Canadian price. The result is a world of "Until the 1981 energy agreement, Ottawa and Edmonton agreed that prices would be adjusted annually by 1 per cent on Jan. 1 and July 1." But, as the next review date approaches, a showdown between Ottawa and the oil-producing provinces is a distinct possibility.

With the new crude barrel-market price set at \$30 U.S. last week, the Canadian price for "oil" oil—unrevised before 1981—would have to be cut about \$3 a barrel to keep it at 75 per cent of the world price, as the energy agreement stipulates. The rollback is necessary even though Energy Minister Jean Chrétien has announced that a scheduled July 1 increase of \$4 a barrel will not be implemented. On the other hand, Alberta and Saskatchewan argue that this is no provision for a price cut.

Other experts fear that lower prices could also undermine progress the West has made on conservation and alternative energy programs. A price drop below \$25 a barrel could make energy conservation and alternative programs such as the Alberta tar sands—costly again.

But in the short term the West can look forward to lower inflation and greater economic growth. Analysts in

The plunge in Saudi oil output

Estimated annual rates of production in millions of barrels per day



SOURCE: PETRO-DATA

MARCH 1982

the United States predicted that the oil price cut will reduce U.S. inflation by 8 per cent and spur growth by 8 per cent in 1983. Similarly, European Community officials welcomed the price drop, and Japan announced that the fall in import costs would save it about \$6.7 billion a year. In Canada the benefits remained elusive because of a federal-provincial dispute over pricing policy.

What is more, it appears likely that all prices will drop further in the coming months. For one thing, there is concern that many of OPEC's members—especially those burdened by debt and desperate for cash to support their large populations—will ignore their quotas. Said one Western oilman: "There is no such incentive for cheating. The Gulf states will probably stick with it, but Iran, Libya and Nigeria have a record for breaking either price or production levels."

There is also the danger of a price war sparked by non-OPEC producers. Some of these nations are laying the cornerstone. Last week Mexico dropped its price to match the cartel's level, a move that will cost it \$1.5 billion in revenues this year, according to the government. But there was considerable uncertainty over the Soviet Union's intentions, especially since it dropped its price by \$2 to \$38 a barrel last week. The Soviet Union, which pumps 12 million barrels a day and is the world's largest single producer, relies on oil for as much as 60 per cent of its earnings from trade with the West. Already, the Soviets are dumping increasing amounts of cut-rate oil on Western markets, and observers say that it has been going for just over \$27 a barrel at dockside on the Rotterdam spot market.

At the same time, many OPEC states are casting worried glances at the Brent producers. Speculation mounted last week that the price of high-grade North Sea oil would be dragged from \$38.50 a barrel to the \$20 range. In order to undercut Nigeria's \$30-a-barrel price. In that event, the prospect was that Nigeria would reply with a price cut of its own. Said Prince Tafadzwa Abdulla Azz Al-Saad, brother of the British King Fahd: "I am not relaxed. My personal opinion is that there will be a war of prices."

Still, when the executive OPEC meeting in London came to a close, Saudi Arabia's Energy Minister, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, expressed optimism: "We have strong hopes and strong indications that everybody, this time, means business." But an oilman in the kingdom put more bluntly: "This one has to work or the whole thing will fall apart. The Saudis are holding their breath on this one."

With reports from Moscow and London



Highway repair in India: "a nice way of saying it's impossible for Canadians to qualify"

A trade barrier set in concrete

When California Congressman Glenn Anderson introduced the timidly named Surface Transportation Assistance Act to the 96th Congress last April, Canadian cement company executives were briefly apoplectic. They concluded that the legislation, aimed at halting gains to be made by farmland, highway and transit system repairs, would speak a boom in cement exports to the lucrative U.S. market. But the early hopes were dashed when the so-called Gas Tax Act took a猝然 turn for the worse in the December when Congress added a "Buy American" clause to the legislation, and that new threatens to end Canadian exports permanently. With the bill due to take effect on April 1, Canadian firms have stepped up a desperate lobbying effort in Ottawa and Washington, and their U.S. counterparts have accused the Canadians of unfair trading practices.

Under the legislation only U.S.-made cement can be used in federally funded projects in the United States—unless buying domestically produced supplies would raise the cost of a construction project by 25 per cent. The states for the large Canadian producers who dominate the market are high (three companies make 75 per cent of Canadian cement). Overall, the industry stands to lose a sizable portion of imports which totalled nearly \$70 million in 1981; 20 per cent of total Canadian production. Twenty states buy Canadian cement, and New York alone uses it for 60 per cent of its road construction. The Buy-American provision is just a nice way of saying it's impossible for Canadians to qualify.

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Glenn Anderson, president of Toronto's Lake Ontario Cement Ltd., who estimates that the legislation will cost his company about \$6 million a year in sales.

Not surprisingly, U.S. competitors welcome the protectionist legislation with open arms. Indeed, with 3,000 of the 30,000 estimated cement workers in the United States laid off in 1982 sales down 18 per cent from 1981, pressure had been mounting on Congress to adopt the trade barrier. In addition, the U.S. companies argue that they have been the victims of Canadian dumping. Sam Jack Gordon, president of Atlantic Cement Inc., based in St. John's, Newfoundland, "We had a certain amount of problems with Canadians dumping their excess production into the United States." Gordon points out that Canadian cement sells for \$70 to \$90 per tonne in Canada and about \$30 less per tonne in the United States. Still, some U.S. construction firms fear that the protection will lead to supply shortages and price increases because U.S. cement plants cannot meet their demands.

In a bid to lay the law to rest, Canadian firms have launched intense lobbying efforts in Washington. But the prospects for overturning the thorny "Buy American" clause are not good. An ex-state department official observed, "President Ronald Reagan was determined to draft the protectionist clause before the bill was passed, but he never actually signed the legislation rather than forfeit its job creation measures. What it means, with one exception, is the United States at a punishing high 100 per cent. Congress is expected to hold tenaciously to its protectionist base."

CAROL BRETHAN in Toronto

BUSINESS WATCH

Behind the polished profile

By Peter C. Newman

Beyond his push-button smile and the bane-and-reassurance of his voice, Brian Mulroney, who declared himself a contender for the Tory leadership this week, has seldom been considered a serious political thinker.

Those who have vaguely followed his career—from electrician's son in Baie Comeau to gold-spurred member of the Montreal Establishment—have easily dismissed his ideologized status as Mount Royal Club chieftain. Because he moves so easily through Canada's chat-deafened chambers of corporate power, style has been mistaken for substance.

But behind the finely tuned tax, the amorphous culture and the Grouse open, there still lurks the small-town boy who grew up without money or privilege.

Neither rabid nor reactionary, he is less opportunistic than pragmatic and gently comes as close as anyone to personifying his party's label, a Progressive Conservative.

Mulroney's personal philosophy has come out of the childhood of the three most influential experiences of his life growing up in the Great Northern climate of Quebec's North Shore, attended St. Francis Xavier High School in Alma, Quebec, N.B., and being a member of the royal commission on labor tribunals in Quebec's construction industry in the early 1970s. Mulroney's youth was dominated by his father's lifelong need to hold down two jobs to make ends meet. The family managed only one holiday each year, a trip to Quebec City in the Mulroneys' 1958 Fiat. "We would leave at four in the morning—my parents, the six children, the dog, 14 sandwiches and a six-pack," he recalls. "We began a mad race over unpaved roads to catch the ferry at Fermeau, followed by a heroic gallop to catch the ferry at Baie St. Catherine—the children crying, the dog barking, my father grunting his breath, and my mother in the back seat saying the beads for the third time."

When he signed up as a police assistant at St. Francis Xavier, he came under the influence of the co-operative teachings of Masse Cosdy, who instilled the notion that an active social conscience is life's highest goal. Mulroney remembers particularly a Cosdy lecture in which the cleric described the ideal graduate. "We want them to look into the sun and the depth of the sea,

to want them to explore the hours of darkness and of fellowship. We want them to be bigger individuals and develop their capacities for creation..."

Whatever romanticism was left in Mulroney's soul evaporated during the 168 days he spent as a Quebec royal commissioner. Along with Robert Clark, a former Liberal lawyer who had turned into a New Democrat, and Guy Chevrette, a farmer's son from Beauce, he was charged with clearing up



Mulroney: the small-town boy with guts

the rot of the province's construction industry. Alongside, 279 witnesses testified, revealing the corruption caused by subsidized unions and capitalism. The commission's 132 recommendations brought power to the industry, and Mulroney learned many of the valuable lessons about labor-management relations he later applied as president of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada. After he turned the company around, one of his first decisions was to quickly double the pensions

being paid to widows of deceased employees. When he closed down the company's Schererville operations earlier this year, he allocated \$10 million to alleviate the shock to the community, even though declining markets meant that there were only 167 full-time employees left to be laid off.

The sum of these experiences has made Mulroney a confirmed advocate of self-sufficiency and a soaring sense of the assumed handout. "There are no fancy-pants heroes any more with elegant theories and magic words," he asserts, "just overwrought and hamfisted businesses, like dealers and ordinary Canadians who get their hands dirty every day dealing with the pedestrian problems of providing jobs, meeting profits and producing products—out in some hole at night to have you say that some have new social artists but invented another government that will add to costs, to pay people and leave companies unlivable."

He is granted a brief respite in the 1983 federal election, a dimension of leadership: the vital responsibility of government to demonstrate compassion for the needy and assistance for the disadvantaged.

He wants to reinvigorate the economy by raising productivity, eliminating the interest-selectivity provisions on corporate takeovers and allowing municipalities to issue tax-free bonds. Mulroney is not a knee-jerk Liberal—farther and in fact has shied more frequently at 36 Sussex Drive with Pierre Trudeau than with Jim Clark. But he attacks the Liberals for fostering dissension and unrest. "There was a time," he says, "when many Canadians looked on Pierre Trudeau's penchant for confrontation as a kind of political thuggery. We may still find that four hours of Napoleon in Europe makes a good movie, but we know now that 14 years of Trudeau is everyone she makes less government."

Provided that Mulroney can attract some senior political advisers instead of the Westmount preppies who ran his last campaign, he could become leader. Even prime minister.

The most intriguing issue raised by the Mulroney candidacy is what effect it will have on John Turner's chances for the Liberal leadership. The two men are friends, ideologically and personally, so the any electoral contest between them could become the most elegant campaign ever fought in this country. May the best profile win.



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OUT OF WORK

By Shona McKay

There is no heart in the deluge of seasonally adjusted statistics. There is no elevation of hopelessness as the figures come in with warning regularity. The headlong proclamations in million-dollar doses do not carry the desolate ring of despair. There is no sense of the sheer, the cold or the tragic in the monthly reports that 56,000 to 65,000 new "job-seekers" in Canada have been out of work as long that their unemployment insurance payments have run out.

The stark news that 360,000 Canadians joined the jobless file in the most recent figures—the unquoted number of broken homes and disrupted people. But the waste and the human wreckage—the human cost of unemployment—is everywhere. Typically, the unemployed person travels down a path from denial to anger to remorse to acceptance and ultimately to becomes chronically depressed," says Ronald Burke, a York University psychology professor who has studied the effects of unemployment on laid-off plant workers in Durban for several years. So similar were the patterns of personal collapse that Burke managed to chart six specific stages of reaction to job loss. "Lethargy and boredom will lead the person to make unhealthy lifestyle choices," he concludes. "He may drink more, sleep more, pull his kids more. The malaise on insurance has that same kind of trouble doing anything. The decent into despair will be halted only when that person finds a job."

The tragedy is that in many cases now there is simply no job to be found. "No one can tell you where the new jobs are going to come from," admits David Dodge, federal minister of employment and insurance. Dodge is director of a task force that produced an optimistic \$1.5-billion report on unemployment entitled *Labor Market Development in the 1990s*. Released in the summer of 1991, the report predicted relief for Canada's unemployed. The boom in the western provinces, the expected growth of the high-tech, manufacturing and construction industries and more megaprojects would—according to the wisdom of the time—soon bring about a bullish labor scene. But it has not happened, and Ottawa has since rescinded previous. Instead, the government is pouring millions of dollars into examining the very nature of Canada's employment structure.

Clearly, a transformation has occurred in British Columbia giant timberline has eaten up forestry jobs. A depressed world market has shut down mines from the Yukon to the Maritimes. And passing through a

period of lean times, businesses across the country have found that one executive can be made to do the job of three. What that means for many Canadians who have lost their jobs during the present recession is that the door back to the workplace has slammed shut. It is no longer employment connections but social workers and paycheques who increasingly have to deal with the mass fallout of a collapsed economy.

Laude Desjardins, chairman of the Canadian Mental Health Association's recently formed committee on unemployment, has a deeply pessimistic view of the future of the unemployed. "Most unemployed people are going through a time of crisis," he says. "The unemployed person tends to be self-reliant, is resourceful, but then it goes what he hasn't learned to be. The system—everything from the economic structure to government in large computers—encourages dependence." Desjardins, who is past president of the New Brunswick chapter of the crisis, became alarmed about the psychological effects of unemployment after witnessing the situation in his home province. When the federal government announced in 1991 that it was going to close the Armed Forces base at Chatham—in an area that was already experiencing 17-per-cent unemployment—the one load at the local mental health clinic grew by 133 per cent in one year. "We had to start taking patients about the human and social costs," says Desjardins.

Few of those who are thrown out of work can claim immunity. The malaise that comes with being unemployed affects the "terminated" middle-aged executive as much as the laid-off 18-year-old factory worker. The individual with the strongest job commitment and the highest personal expenses usually suffers the deepest withdrawal pains. "We have to work very hard to convince the former office manager that he still has value as when the response to his 300 applications has been either 'no' or 'nonexistent,'" says Neil Macdonald, president of Technical Service Council, a Toronto-based placement service that caters to professionals. "The demand for counselling has grown to such an extent that it is more than we can accommodate. It is difficult to convince a man to believe in himself when no one else will."

Others say it may be impossible. "You can only key people up for so long," says Harry Sharlow, director of the plant closures branch for the Ontario labor ministry. "If there is no job out there," he adds, "they skip back, and apathy sets in." Meanwhile, it is left to individual men and women to live with the reality of being without work. They deserve their own day-to-day lives with an eloquence born of漫反射。



ROBERT STEWART, 56, of Frederaton, is married, with a 17-year-old son and a 24-year-old daughter living at home. The former radio broadcaster and oil salesman for CNIB Frederaton was laid off in January after 15 years in a job that paid \$40,000 and commissions. He now lives on pension benefits of \$275 a month.

It was very traumatic, a complete blow to my ego. They told me on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. I just never expected that anything like that could happen to me. The first couple of weeks, I stood open the house and didn't want to see anyone.

The 38 years I got up and went to work, and that was my life. Now the rest of the family goes off to work and school and I am left here alone. I just pace around, drink coffee and read the newspaper. Sometimes, when the wind blows, I go for a ride in the car.

I feel somewhat embarrassed, too. There are all your friends off working, and you have been told that you are no longer needed. And all the time I know I have to work to survive. We still have some money left on the mortgage, and the early pension they gave me is only half of what I expected to be living on when I retired. It's hard not to feel frustrated and angry. If it weren't for my wife, I'd be in bad shape. She tries to keep me up, but it bugs all the time. I feel like I have lost part of myself.

It all came too fast. I wasn't prepared. I never thought about being old when I was working. But now you know that employers are looking at you and thinking about your age. Being 56 gets a lot of it immediately. I suppose I could be a florist at K-Mart, but I am daunted if I am going to do that—not yet anyhow. I know I still have a lot to offer. I have interviewed everyone from John DeGroot to Quebec oval masters. There must be a place for me somewhere.



MAUREEN MCEWAN, 21, of Winnipeg, was laid off from her job as a stenographer with A.G. Sales, a dealer repair company. A single woman, she was earning \$12,000. Now she only earns half a month at.

There are days when I feel that depressing way of life might go on forever. Each day is the same. All the doors seem to close in your face. You get the first edition of the newspaper, turn to the classifieds and start phoning. You know that hundreds of others are doing the same thing and that most of the jobs will be gone by the time you call. Then in the afternoon you write to the loss numbers and begin hoping for a reply.

I am getting sick of dressing up and trying so desperately hard to sell myself to every Tom, Dick and Harry who sits behind a desk. I tell them the money isn't important anymore, but often they feel that younger, more

inexperienced girls would do better. It really gets you down after a while. You are selling yourself, and no one wants to buy.

Today I have almost landed jobs and I've come home and cried. You begin to develop a negative attitude toward yourself. Normally I am an independent person. I don't like living on unemployment cheques but I have to pay the rent.

So often it seems to be someone else's money that puts dinner on the table. I feel like a bum, sitting around all day, waiting for the phone to ring, writing letters. I pass a lot of the time watching TV. I drink more, too. How long can this way of life go on? Four years? Five years? Recently I read that a paper plant was closing down in Winnipeg. All I could think of was, 'Oh no, I'll have to take 100 people to compete with.' It seems like such a trap.



JOHN MCEWAN, 26, of Montreal, is married, with a two-year-old daughter. Last October he lost his supervisor's job at Bellus Controls, a dealer control system company, when he was earning \$19,000 a year. His income is \$1,000 a month at.

I get to the point where I just want to get away from everyone by sitting in the bedroom. I have been going nuts since I lost my job. It has been a really shaky time. I used to be a happy guy—on top of the world. Now I feel that my life is at a dead end.

It's your pride. You've lost a big chunk out of it. It's like you are a tree and they have cut off all your branches. You have nowhere to go. I have no more money in my savings account. The stuff that we want I can't buy. The stuff that needs to be repaired I can't afford to repair.

I lose my temper a lot. I get mad at my wife, Diane, and she gets mad at me and then the kid gets involved. It's a really bad scene. Then you go out and look for a job, spending money on gas and photocopying resumes and you don't even get a decent reply. How do companies think that makes people like me feel? Sitting and waiting and hoping, and you get some chick who shoots your application in the garbage. Ask me if I don't feel like falling sometimes.

You try and you try and still you get nowhere. I know it is not my fault that I can't get a job, but when I look at my family, 80 per cent of the time I feel that I am failing them.



ROBERT THOMPSON, JR., of Vicksburg, is separated, as his wife has been for nearly three years. When his job as a marketing executive at Jensen Blamey & Co., a food distributor, flew out of town, he was redundant in October. He was earning \$21,500. Now he is bringing in \$15,000 a month in severance.

W

hen I first found myself out of work, I would ride my bike around Stanley Park, sit somewhere, and just think. Here I was, I had been working for 30 years and had never been unemployed. I looked at what I had built up—a long period of time—from my first part-time job when I was 16, taking all sorts of university extension courses, moving up to a sales trainee, a sales manager, general manager and back to service again.

I decided to go for vocational counseling. They have an integral psychologist there, and I can call as him whenever I get a bit down. At least then I can still put up early in the morning, get out a suit and go down to see clients. Otherwise, I know I'd sit at home in my bathrobe with a

cup of coffee and end up turning the TV on. You have to concentrate really hard to keep yourself psyched up.

I have sent out more than 400 letters and proposals. Sure, there are moments when I think, "What if this doesn't work for me?" The contact with former associates gets less and less over time goes by. Sometimes I stand on a busy street corner and watch all the people passing by. And I think, "She's employed, and I feel east about it."

The evenings are the worst. Every night at six o'clock my 36-year-old son comes over with his mother, calls and asks, "Dad, have you found a job yet?" I have to tell him, "No, Mike, not yet." I know his worries about me. Lately I find I am having great difficulty sleeping because I feel my confidence has started to slide. But I figure that you have failed only when you quit. I'll get work again. It may take a while and I may have to jump gun, but I'll get back.

DALE ANDERSON, 40, lost his job as a follower with the International Steel and Pipe Corp. in Regis, Colo. Spouse Dale Anderson, who is married, with a son, 8, and a daughter, 5, had been earning about \$22,000 a year. Now he collects \$700 a month. His wife, Michele, earns \$13,000 as a data processor.

There are some days when it really gets to me. I get up late, wash up, make lunch for the kids and try to think of something to do for the afternoon. I am not cut out to be a househusband, and mostly I just sit around waiting for Michele to come home. One of the most difficult things is how people who were your friends when you had a job all of a sudden disappear. If you don't have money, people don't phone you to do things. But you think they could still come over and visit, and I could always make them a cup of coffee at least.

You blame yourself. Perhaps if we hadn't gone after all those \$150 raises every time we got a new contract, I wouldn't have been laid off. Perhaps if I had quit earlier I'd have another job

by now. At first I never thought I would be out of work so long, but the longer it goes on, the more I worry about making the house payments and whether or not I will be able to put enough food on the table. When you start running short and you can't afford to do much, you begin to feel bound to. You can't plan to go anywhere.

Holidays? Forget it. What little money we do have goes to the kids. There is an air of uncertainty about everything. Just before Christmas there was a possibility that my wife would be laid off too. We had visions of losing the house.

I just don't know what to do. Here it is almost sunrise, and there is nothing on the horizon. There are no jobs at the Menpower office, and when you go out looking on your own—well, a couple of places that I have gone to, there have been 200 other people after the same job. It gets to the point where I wonder if I will ever work again. It feels so hopeless sometimes.



REGINALD KINNEY, 42, is a native of Fernmead, N.B., on output 100 km from St. John's. Married, with a nine-year-old daughter, he was among 377 workers thrown out of work indefinitely last August at the Lake Frobisher Fish Plant, where he earned \$16,000 on a regular basis. His income from unemployment insurance is \$800 a month.

T

here is nothing else to do...no other industry, no other job to look for. I was born in Fernmead and I live it here. But if they don't reopen the fish plant, we will have no other choice but to move. I don't know where. Just about everyone in town feels the same. There are few people who have any other type of training, and most of them have worked at lake trout or their lives.

I have begun to feel like a prisoner. Statistics also has taken control of my future. The federal government spends millions of dollars on the Macdonald inquiry but it has no money for Fernmead. I'd like the politicians to come here and try to live like we are living. A string squad would be too good for them. My wife and I had worked hard to make a good life. With luck we could have paid off the mortgage on our house this year. We had planned on finishing the basement and doing a lot of landscaping.

When you are wondering where the next dollar will come from, you only buy the necessities and you don't go out much. You watch the soap and play darts on Monday night at the bar. That's it.

I am very bitter, waiting from day to day to the next, not knowing what to plan for. One thing I do know is that, since September, when the unemployment cheques ran out, I'll be making a trip to the welfare office. I see two people left working here in Fernmead—the welfare offices and the priest. Oh yeah, and the undertaker.



DAVID BALL, 40, of Calgary, is interviewed with his son, 17 and 10. His wife, Bevyn, near savings \$74,000 as a sole representative after receiving her MAs from the University of Nebraska in 1971. David worked her way up the corporate ladder until last October, when he was laid off with seven months' severance pay from Monex Corp., where he was manager of financial planning. He was earning \$50,000 a year. Now his income is \$600 a month.

Day to day I find myself wondering if I am admitting that either I have reached my level of incompetence or that I want to be unemployed, as I should have been. I can never relax. You are afraid to because you don't want to drop out of society. And you think about that. Maybe the next time I'll say, To hell with it, you work, lady, and I'll wash the floors and load the trash bins—forever?

Change is the thing that humans hate to tend to avoid at all costs. And being unemployed forces a tremendous change. The initial shock, well, it is like you have been told that a good friend has died. You feel self-pity and anger at the people who have put you in that position.

Unemployment means that my wife went to work. It means that my sense of humor is at a thin edge. We have changed what we eat because we don't know how long the money will last. Our income goes from about \$40,000 a month to nothing in one day. You cannot paint lessons in the classroom to Spuds MacKenzie. There is no stage on your marriage. My wife becomes impatient, and I can understand that. I have my seven times when I just want to sit and rock, and she just can't tolerate it because her security is threatened. It's like I have been dropped into a foreign country and I don't know the language.

The stress comes from the frustration of wondering what more you can do. I have sent 300 letters since January and personally contacted every sizable company in Calgary. Soon I will be faced with the possibility of making a major career change—viewing over again



DENNIS REID, 45, of Vancouver, is married, with four children, aged one to 17 years. A trucker turned-mechanic, he has been searching for a job in B.C. labour market since 1983. His wife, Bonnie Chisholm, collects \$165 a month in welfare payments.

I want to work, to have a job, but there is nothing out there. I don't even bother to go to the newspaper after anymore. Last year it came to the point where I had the choice of sitting in a cold, dark house or going to the welfare office. I don't have the kind of pride that would let my family starve.

For middle-class people like me, you have to live through the welfare experience to know what it is like. You live from day to day on a subsistence level. Money is figured to the penny. You buy peanut butter at the one store that has it on special the second Wednesday of the

month. Last winter, when they threatened to shut off the heat, I sent my wife and infant back to her parents' home.

You get depressed when your 10-year-old daughter asks for a stable horse and you can't afford to send her to a stable for an hour's ride. You get depressed when you see your little guy, and he doesn't have a single thing that didn't belong to someone else. When you have problems in your marriage, the lack of work and money make them worse. We separated for a while last fall.

Dignity? I have had no sense of dignity for a long time. I feel as if there isn't room for people like me in this country anymore. I don't want much—just to work and make enough to be self-sufficient. I am good at what do I want a job? What has gone wrong?



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*Our people and our whisky
are in no hurry. That's something
you don't see much of these
days. But we still live up to the
standards our founder J.P. Wiser
set over a century ago.*

*Because lots of time and
patience accounts for the smooth
and distinctively superior taste
of Wiser's DeLuxe.*

*There are faster ways to
make whisky.*

But there's none better.



J.P. Wiser said it all 125 years ago,
"Quality is something you just can't rush."

José Iglesias, the 38-year-old Spanish-born singer, has sold an estimated 70 million albums and has recorded more than 100 platinum and gold records in 20 countries. But he still does not regard himself as a superstar. "I sing, that's all," he says. The secret, of course, is that he sings in a multitude of languages as his album *Mosaic* was recorded in Spanish, French, Italian, German and Portuguese. Iglesias' rich tenor voice and dazzling good looks help too. They certainly worked for *Joanna Corana*, who coaxed him off after the soprano left from Johnny by recording all four of Iglesias' songs at Radio City Music Hall this month. This week Iglesias begins a tour of Ontario and Quebec but he worries about his profile in the West. "They don't know me," he says. They may never find, when the singer plans to release an English album, teaming up with Diana Ross for at least one song. "I am very interested in one if the public reacts favorably," he says humbly. If it does, who knows what the future may hold—a TV special with *John Goodman*?



Iglesias with Joanna Corana: a favorable reaction to events

Canada may host two royal birthdays this summer: PRINCE WILLIAM arrives as a heralded world traveler as his grandmother, the Queen, last week William made his first trip abroad—a six-week tour to Australia and New Zealand—with his mother and father, the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. If William has inherited the Queen's grace, he may also accompany his parents on their tour of the Atlantic provinces, Ontario and Alberta this June. The official word is that he will not, but there are rumors to the contrary in London. The citizens of Ontario should be prepared, however. The tentative schedule for the royal couple has them visiting Ottawa on June 23, and the traditional presentation to royalty will probably be done in the throne room at the Ontario Legislative Building on June 24. The schedule is still not set—but may have to make do with a birthday cake for William, who will turn 20 July 1, the last day of the tour.

Dad and mom with Prince William? A Canadian visit?



Does the Woodhouse Way and a new album, *From Four Days*, is a method of obscenity training for dogs of all sizes that she believes is better than anyone's? Moreover, Woodhouse, 72, says her magic works on horses ("I'm the only woman in the world who can break a horse in two hours"), horses gallop and tapas ("I just use my little nose—none alone," she explains). People are another matter. In the show ring "owners are appendages," says Woodhouse regrettably, "it is not my job to like or dislike them. One or two have been a bit grumpy. As far as owner management goes, you do have to be tactful, you know." And how is Woodhouse tactful with the humans at the other end of the lead? "I agree with them."

As a series of television commercials boasting the good works of British Columbia's Social Credit government has been so successful—given the government's point of view—that the 14 ads have been held over for an extra two-week run. Beginning then until the end of this month and featuring two additional one-minute spots with east B.C. taxpayers \$500,000—whether they like it or not. "Inane, partisan and abominable advertising," groaned NDP Opposition justice critic **Ann Macdonald** last week. Macdonald objected to the format, which features popular television newscaster **Paul Laxman** asking Premier **Burr Bassett** decidedly soft questions. The Conservative ads are not even accurate, Macdonald complains. One lightly expands on the "champions of day care" comment that the government has received to help single-parent families, while in fact there are less than 2,000 licensed day care centers in the province. But **Dawn Park**, the deputy minister of education who designed the campaign, who went on the air last December, is unashamed. He said that the general response has been overwhelmingly positive. "At least one voter must come to the ads every time," he claims. According to Macdonald, a worker who allegedly went to owners to praise the work-shy premier had been laid off by the time he made television. —*Ronnie Ray*

BARBARA BRECKIN
BAKER

The CFL's off-season of discontent



Tiger-Cat Vice-President King Conroy (left) with Ballantyne in happier times. *Barrie Keeler*

It has not been a good off-season for the Canadian Football League. Two top coaches—Hugh Campbell of McMillan and Ray Joseph of Winnipeg—defected to the new United States Football League (USFL) moments after the final whistle of last fall's Grey Cup game. Seasoned pros are looking south. U.S. college stars are no longer looking north, and Marcel Ballantyne is threatening to pull his Hamilton Tiger-Cats out of the league. Throughout its history the CFL has weathered风雨 and uncertainty in its struggle to preserve a professional identity. Its decline has often been predicted, but the current threat from the USFL, Ballantyne and the office of Communications Minister **Frances Fox** pose perhaps its greatest challenge.

Nowhere in the country more acute than in the offices of the Saskatchewan Roughriders. Playing out of quaint Taylor Field in Regina, the team has managed to find off-and-on ways through constant innovation and the parsimony of its legal fees. Last year, of the five community-owned teams in the CFL's Western Conference, only Saskatchewan was showed a profit. The Riders used the proceeds from fundraisers, such as their annual \$500-a-plate dinner, and visual aids to add \$600,000 to an account that now holds \$1.1 million. Understandably leaped, the club and the City

of Regina approached the provincial government with plans to renovate Taylor Field and cover it with a dome. The club also entered a bid to host the 1986 Grey Cup. But **Frances Fox**'s decision earlier this month has put an end to the dome stadium proposal, the Grey Cup bid and perhaps even the possibility of showing a profit.

After months of threatening to prosecute tavern owners whose cable satellite dishes picked up CFL games and payoffs, Fox reversed her stance and made the satellite dishes legal. The CFL estimated that fans heading for beer gardens rather than stadiums cost the league \$1 million in revenue last year. And no one knows how much it will lose when faced with legal dishes.

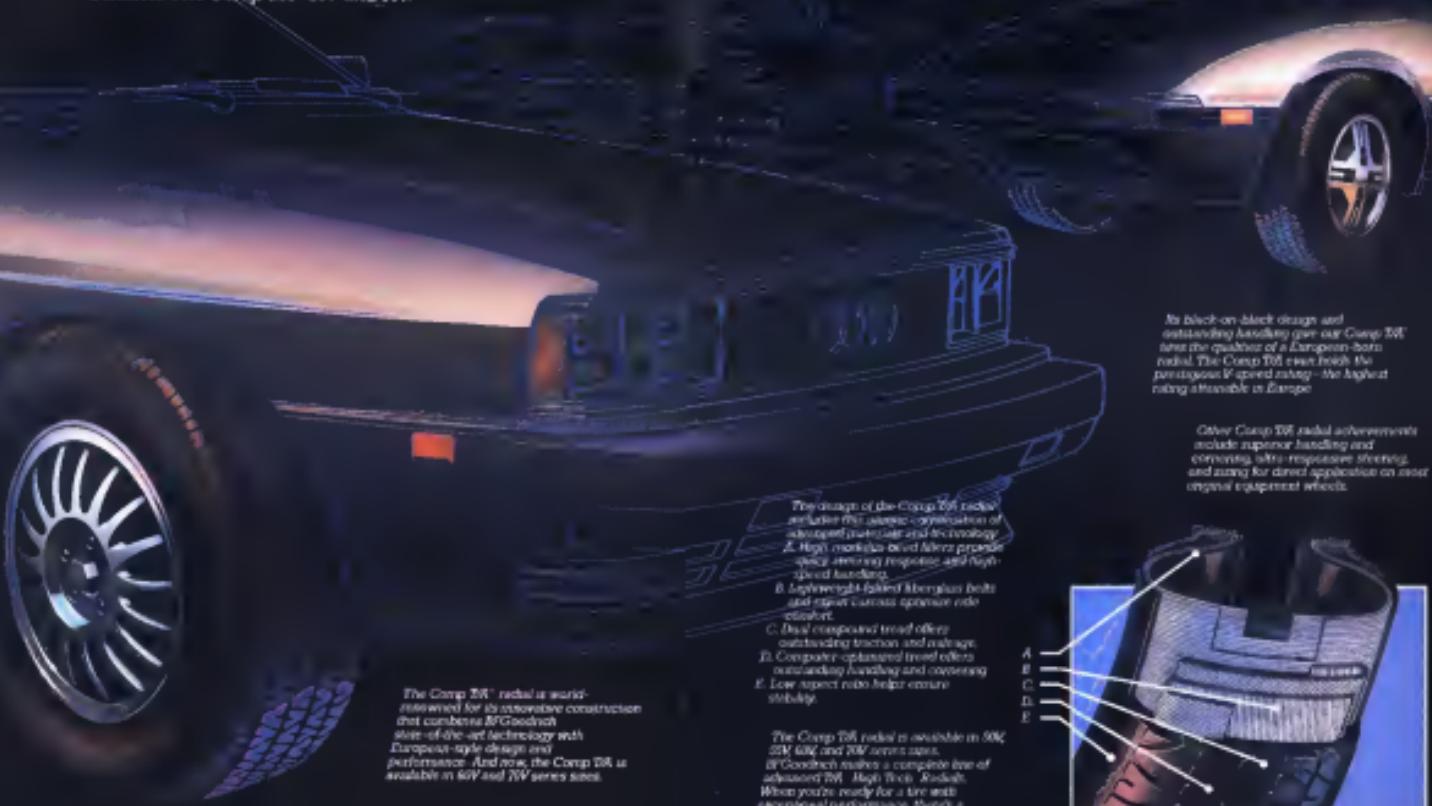
Rider President **Richard Hendrik**, for one, is deeply concerned. "More than 70 per cent of our revenue comes from game receipts," he says. "What if it rains or snows? Who'll drive all the way into the city to see a game if you can watch it at a local hotel or bar?" But the satellite decision will have no less an impact on a team like the Toronto Argonauts. "It will probably hurt us more than any other team because of the number of outlets that will be showing the games on TV," says Argonaut President **Ralph Sasse**.

The communications minister cautions that the CFL will be protected if it

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Decisions about life and death

The question was whether a severely retarded boy would receive a potentially life-saving operation or, effectively, be allowed to die. Finally, last Friday afternoon Stephen Dawson, 6, was hurriedly wheeled into Vancouver Children's Hospital for surgery to repair a gap which drained fluid from his brain. The emergency operation came only hours after a British Columbia Supreme Court judge overturned a previous decision that, in essence, gave Stephen's parents—not medical authorities—the right to determine the boy's fate. The distraught parents, Robert and Sharon Dawson, believed that their son—blind, deaf and

asphyxiated, which gives the courts wide jurisdiction over the welfare of the child. In fact, he deserved custody of the child to the B.C. superintendent of child welfare. The fact that Stephen's parents divorced in 1980 and are not married—they now live together—is also a factor in the decision, McKenna said. In the end, he ruled with the evidence of the medical staff who, because the boy had been born only once in four years, had seen him constantly. They testified that he could lead a normal life within the limits of his handicap. The Robert and Sharon Dawson, the second strenuous week in court ended when they decided not to appeal McKenna's decision.

The arguments over Stephen Dawson's fate recall the case of Karen Anne Quinlan, the 20-year-old New Jersey woman who sank into a coma eight years ago after drinking and taking tranquilizers. After a long battle in the U.S. courts, Quinlan's parents won a 1976 decision allowing them to disconnect her life-support system. But their brain-damaged daughter did not die. Before the court, Quinlan was found to be an adult in a permanent condition. But in the Dawson case the fight was over a stillborn baby whose parents believed had no future. McKenna's decision echoed new U.S. federal regulations that became effective this week, requiring hospitals to care for disabled newborns—no life support.

The Dawson case turned the nation's focus on a reality of divided, private decisions between using doctors and giving relatives—the practice of letting seriously ill patients die. McKenna clearly concluded that Stephen Dawson did not fit that category. In contrast, a cancer therapist who has had to deal with the question of euthanasia agreed with the parents' right to forgo surgery. "The professional practice of no resuscitation has gone for decades," said Dr. William Elliot, the physician who co-chaired the Canadian Medical Association to adopt that practice in 1984.



Sharon, Robert, Stephen and Sean Dawson: pitting sanctity against quality of life

suffering from cerebral palsy—had no hope of living a normal life. Bill McJustice Lloyd McKenna firmly rejected the parents' request that Stephen be allowed to die a simple death with dignity. The justice concluded that it was not certain that the boy would die without the operation and he accepted testimony that Stephen might live indefinitely if given care. "I cannot accept the view that Stephen would be better off dead," he said. "This would mean that the life of a handicapped child is worth less than the life of a normal child—and worth so much less that it is not worth contemplating," he added, in a ruling that was the latest chapter in the battle over "the right to die."

The judge ruled firmly on the legal doctrine of parens patriae (father of the

and to allow the operation on their son. "We feel the defense was unfair," Robert Dawson and Sharon Dawson also vowed to continue the fight for permanent custody of the boy.

The drama began with the striking decision by Provincial Court Judge Patricia Byrne to rule out an operation to repair a blocked shunt that drained fluid from Stephen's brain. She ruled that the brain itself would be an unsatisfactory surgical intervention and would constitute "cruel and unusual treatment." Within hours of her ruling, the provincial government, supported by the B.C. Association for the Mentally Retarded, sought custody of the boy.

Before deciding the case, McKenna confronted the tangled emotional questions raised by the case. Among the

MALCOLM GRAY IS VANCOUVER

issues were whether the quality of life, and not simply life itself, should be the chief consideration in medical decisions and whether individuals or the state should have the final say. There are no new questions, but they are ones that have been raised with increasing frequency as medical technology offers new hopes of prolonging life.

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For Stephen Dawson, life's possibilities narrowed two weeks after he was born prematurely on March 26, 1979. He contracted spinal meningitis, a bacterial disease that attacks the membranes surrounding the spinal cord, which left him severely disabled. Throughout the poignant trial, he was an unseen but palpable presence in the courtroom. Even though his right to life-saving medical care was guaranteed, he will probably never comprehend the wrenching debate that made his surgery possible—no matter how long he lives.

Malcolm Gray is Vancouver



Ex-psychiatric patient Irene Lalonde in Parkdale boarding house: devastating

HEALTH

No room for the disabled

By ANN KERR

Even as the Stephen Dawson case came to an emotional conclusion, the major figure in Canada's other recent legal furor over the rights of the handicapped struggled to get his new life in order. In November severely handicapped 39-year-old Justice Clark was a highly publicized battle with his parents for the right to move into a group home from the large Bluffs Regional Centre near Ottawa where he had lived for most of his life. Clark became a hopeful symbol for advocates of "deinstitutionalization"—the movement to take the handicapped out of impersonal hospitals and re integrate them into the community. But six months after the court decision, Clark remains in the 1,073-bed Bluffs institution. Friends who run the group home he wanted to live in and who supported his legal case now plead that they cannot care for Justice because his disabilities are too formidable. Unhappily, Clark has once become a symbol for growing doubts about the wisdom of the push for widespread deinstitutionalization.

Governments have been in the vanguard of the movement since the early 1960s. Among the large provincial institutions that have opted to open their doors and reduce the hand-tipped to the community are the Halifax Regional

Centre for the Mentally Retarded in Ontario and Woodlands School for the Mentally Retarded in British Columbia. Now even social service professionals and mental health advocacy groups concede that the rush to shut down large, overextended facilities and operate smaller group homes has left many mentally and physically disabled people with inadequate care. Ontario recently held inquiries into the deaths of two mentally retarded men living in privately run community residences—one

Clark's poignant symbol for new doubts



group such as the Canadian Mental Health Association (CMHA) and the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR) claim that the provinces have neither adequately prepared deinstitutionalized residents for community living nor provided enough housing and support programs. The vocational training in Halifax, Robert Britton of the city's department of social planning says, "We are aware of about 20 to 30 people on the streets in Halifax alone who, in our opinion, need long-term custodial care that simply is not available in the present system. The problem needs to be somewhere in the middle, but at the moment it's a swing to the point where we're dumping everyone on the streets."

Many health care experts now suspect that provincial governments are abusing the spirit of reform as a means of cutting health care and social service costs. "With the general financial restraint of the provincial governments, an obvious cutback is taking place," says Gordon Morwood, CMHA national director. For provincial budget cutters, the savings are attractive. A recent study by the Alberta Association for the Mentally Retarded revealed that the yearly cost to the province in a provincial institution ranged from \$30,000 to \$40,000 per person, compared to \$15,000 to \$35,000 in a group home.

Last week at a Toronto meeting, 40 Ontario parents of mentally retarded patients in provincial institutions charged the government with diverting social service funds to generate revenues. The parents called for a moratorium on Ontario's plan to close six small institutions for the mentally retarded and substantially reduce the size of another during the next five years. The residents will either be placed in group homes or in the remaining large provincial institutions. "This is a giant step backwards," says Michaela Blata, whose 25-year-old son Vinay has lived for six years at the Durham Regional Centre to be closed in 1987. "Services as I remember as we see it is probably not suitable for a group home," he said. Unlike the parents in Wifield to re integrate with the parents, they may take legal action to stop the closure, says Blata, Ontario New Democratic Party social services critic Richard Johnson, charges that the smaller institutions, with an average of 150 beds each, are being closed because "the residents are less severely retarded and will be cheaper to care for in the community."

When large group homes are not available, the results can be devastating.



Merit

THE SIGNATURE OF SUCCESS
MERIT SUITS, SPORTS JACKETS AND SLACKS

The Parkdale area in Toronto, in particular, has become notorious as a center for "on-psychiatric" patients from the nearby Queen Street Mental Health Centre. The former patients live in run-down boarding houses with little professional monitoring and few support services. A critical report on mental health care, commissioned by the Ontario ministry of health and released in January, found that the number of psychiatric patients in Ontario institutions fell from 30,435 in 1980 to 6,079 in 1986, without a comparable increase in community-based services. Says one Executive Vice-President Hugh Lafave: "To have good community care, you have to spend as much as, and probably more than, you would in an institution."

In a drastic about-face, Parsons and social services professionals now view the large, isolated provincial institutions in a more favorable light, unlike attitudes 30 years ago. "Derelictories with dozens of beds were the rule, now they're the exception," says James Fraser, administrator of Hillsborough Hospital and Riverside Home of Special Care near Charlottetown—the only provincial psychiatric hospital in Prince Edward Island. Hillsborough, which has 200 patients, houses a maximum of four patients in a room and offers recreational and training programs for life on the street.

However, the value of properly run and funded group homes is universally accepted. For cerebral palsy victim Wayne Middlebrook, moving to a Toronto group home from Bellwood Park House, a 60-bed Toronto institution where he lived for 18 months, has been a major step. Says Middlebrook: "It's harder living here, but in the long run it's going to make it easier as time goes by." In Vancouver, Norman Manago, 38, was assessed as profoundly retarded and lived for 12 years in Woodlands School, where he was regularly tied to his bed. Two years ago the BC Community Living Society arranged for him to move out on his own with two other retarded men and three helpers. Now he can walk unassisted and he attends programs in the community.

Community opposition to group homes, however, may prove to be the most persistent obstacle facing disabled people. Undermining the distinctions—again a debate issue—"not on my street"—objection to group homes and community care. If Leslie Clark takes the giant step out of the institutions and into the neighbourhood, the question remains: would he be welcome? Recent negative reactions to group homes seems to indicate that the answer may be no.

With Stephen Kender in Mississauga; Jon Kalick in Montreal; Dave Gledhill in Calgary and Diane Luskay in Vancouver

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Landsat image: border region with Alberta rangeland on north and Montana forest

AGRICULTURE

Ranching by satellite

The newest cowboy in the Alberta ranchland is not a rugged horseman, but a satellite watchdog, circling 505 km above the planet. Last month space technology challenged the Plains' oldest craft as specially enhanced pictures of southern Alberta grasslands, taken by the U.S. earth-observing satellite Landsat 4, went on sale to the general public. Ranchers can now pay \$37.50 for a Landsat photo of a 60 km x 80 km area. The brilliant images can identify land that has been lightly or heavily grazed, distinguish irrigated crops from grassland, and determine whether herds should be increased or reduced. Judging by the initial response, many ranchers are happy to forgo some horseback rides and four-wheel-drive patrols of their vast spreads if a few of accurate color images taken every 36 days. "The biggest advantage," says Guy Chittenden, who runs a large ranch southwest of Calgary, "is that it provides a long-term record."

Satellite-pictured natural resources are not new. Indeed, the three previous Landsats (the first of which was launched in 1972) could pinpoint mineral deposits, trace the path of pollutants in air or water and identify various crops. The multi-spectral scanner, common to all Landsats, converts sunlight reflected by the Earth into electronic signals which are bunched back to earth stations and converted by computers into a photograph. But until now assessments have been unable to

interpret the information in pictures of flat, variegated prairies and mixed grasslands. One person involved in the breakthrough is Keith Thornton, head of the Regional Enhancement Project, a joint program by the Canada Revenue Service Center and the Alberta natural resources ministry. After two years of research, Thornton and his colleagues have pioneered a color-coding technique for enhancing the images so that area ranchers can read them. Darker shades indicate healthy or undamaged grazing land, while lighter shades point to overgrazing.

Since the current Landsat pictures do not reveal details smaller than 80 m across, the existing service will be most useful for large ranchers and range-land managers—those who are responsible for protecting Alberta's vast Crown lands leased to ranchers and farming cooperatives. "We're going going to be able to do it at all from the office," cautions Bob Schuler, regional grading manager for Medicine Hat, who oversees 200,000 acres by truck and trail bike. "But there is a valuable tool for us."

The Revenue Service Center is preparing to use a new Landsat feature that will take pictures of objects only 30 m across. As a result, despite the uncertainty created by Washington's plan to auction Landsat 4 to private industry, one small rancher as well as large will be going for satellite patrols.

—STEVEN ZWANIKEN, in Calgary
with Ann Walmsley in Toronto

MEDIA

The reporter and the raid

Dipping wet from a morning jog, Maclean's South African correspondent, Elster Sparks, returned to his Johannesburg home early last week to find five members of the Security Police searching desks and cupboards. They were looking for documents relating to newspaper articles which Sparks had written within the past 15 months. The warrant was issued under the Internal Security Act, which gives police almost unlimited power to arrest, and incarcerate anyone whom the government believes to be a security risk. The government alleges that the stories, written for The Washington Post and the London Observer, contained quotes from Winnie Mandela, wife of imprisoned African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela. She has been under a so-called banning order for 30 years—ever since her husband was sentenced to life imprisonment plus five years. In South Africa it is against the law for a banned person—there are more than 3,000—to be quoted publicly.

Sparks then accompanied the plainclothesmen to his one-room office where he had four hours, he said, "to get through the pile like *treasures*."

Neogirls, Arkansas writer Sparks began typing a previously assigned story for *Maclean's* (page 20). As Sparks tapped out the last paragraph, an officer reached for the typewriter. "I need another minute," said Sparks, and finished the piece. Besides the typewriter, police confiscated two pairs of scissors and some files. "It was clearly an act of intimidation," said Sparks. Banned persons are regularly quoted in newspapers outside South Africa. Foreign journalists, he said, can simply be expelled, but he is a South African national. "I guess there was just no easy, low-level way of shutting us up," he said. "As they attacked on this type of harassment, it is not likely to prove much of a deterrent, however." As editor of the *Road Daily Mail* from 1971 to 1981, Sparks survived six major trials resulting from South Africa's press restriction laws.

The day after the surprise raid, Sparks set off at 4 a.m. to travel the 480 km to a remote village in Orange Free State to interview Winnie Mandela once again. "I feel it's important," the 50-year-old journalist said, "to show that I have not been intimidated."

—ERNEST HILLION in Toronto

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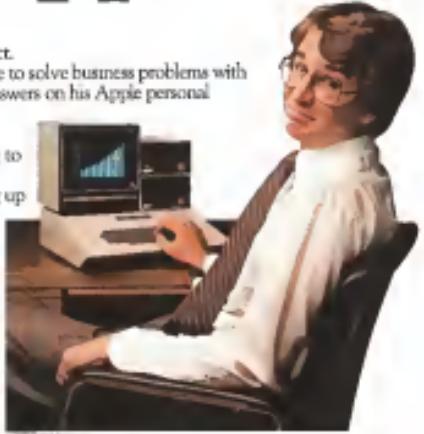
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A new alternative voice

It was a heady, if odd, triumph for a fledgling magazine. The congratulations were delivered before the birth of the publication. Officially, the first edition of Canada's newest "alternative" (and establishment) magazine, *Goodenough*, is tentatively scheduled to appear on stands across the country on April 12. But, as prints against plans to test the U.S. cruise missile over

Alberta heated up earlier this month, the magazine's editors decided to release advance copies of the first edition's investigation into the trials of chemical and biological weapons in Canada throughout the 1980s and 1990s.

Journalist Peter van Stolkberg sifted through 5,000 pages of previously classified U.S. military reports, which he obtained through the U.S. Freedom

of Information Act, and he concluded that Canada, the United States and Britain have been conducting tests of lethal chemicals over the Prairies and Newfoundland. The article prompted a sharp controversy. In the Commons, Defence Minister Rita Larrivee told Saskatchewan New Democrat Romeo de Jong and for this month that the tests are carried out only "on a defensive or protective basis." De Jong countered by citing documents indicating that Canada urged its allies to produce "new-type lethal weapons." Said de Jong later: "This magazine will fill a tremendous gap. That whole story has not been told before and this fits in the pieces of the puzzle."

Goodenough's second editor-in-chief is former newspaperman Albert (Albert) Goodenough—in the flagship of a national nonprofit foundation established together last year by some Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto journalists and activists. Their aim is "to explore social and economic alternatives" by circumscribing the concerns of movements ranging from women's groups to peace protesters. The previous edition includes an examination of police infiltration of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada, a profile of Toronto documentary film-maker Laura Sky and a look at the current problems of Canadian union leaders. The magazine is glossy, professional and non-ironic. "You don't have to be a leftist to pick up Goodenough and enjoy it," says its editor, freelance writer Ben Verschueren. "We have tried to put 'journalism' back into alternative journalism. This magazine borrows the social vision of the 1980s but concerns it with the realities of the 1990s."

Meanwhile, Goodenough's main problem is a lack of cash—and the foundation members are determined not to run up bills they expect ultimately to pay. No advertiser paid to appear in the first issue, but Goodenough hopes to attract social agencies, unions, lobbyists and "enlightened corporations." So far, there are 1,100 subscribers at \$10 each for the four editions of the first year, along with the previous issue. The magazine's editors expect they can keep their deficit from exceeding \$100,000 and eventually break even through fund-raising and subscription drives. One media analyst, Barry Twiss, says that Goodenough has a chance at success because the management is businesslike and there is a growing need for "stories that do not have profit-until-as human-community values at the top." Bill Swerker warns that Goodenough's model competes with a host of individual magazines targeting to individual interests, so the challenge is to become as successful as an establishment magazine without betraying the notion of an alternative society. —MARTY JANTZEN is Ottawa



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NEW YORK LIFE



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BOOKS

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(Letter & Opéra Demain,
180 pages, \$14.95)

Since a U.S.-funded junta took power in El Salvador in 1979, journalists have mourned over the country to prep on its social decay, its suffering refugees and the rotting bodies. Frequently, an event—say, slancies or an increase in military and paramilitary change and extrajudicial press action. Although Joan Didion's *Salvador* is the chronicle of her visit in June 1982, the Salvadoran situation still exhibits entry emotional and physical barrier the Didion describes. There also remains the phenomenon of the two-week wonders like Didion who document their flight from the moment they land at the airport. Then they pay obligatory visits to the U.S., Embassy, the city margins and the human rights commissions, make a quick sortie into the countryside and, finally, wing home with their hands full of nightmares and their notebooks full of the same feed-in stuff.

This is not to deny that Salvador features were free writing. Didion's previous work has established her as the Meryl Streep of U.S. letters, an intelligent craftsman of high-strung sensitivity. The scenes are tact, sense and elegantly performed. Didion, trapped at dinner in San Salvador with a man who may be linked to the death squads, Didion, pretending not to notice soldiers taking a young boy away. But the net-

effect is to make the tragedy of El Salvador and the 30,000 dead appear as if it is happening inside the writer's head.

As with *Moby-Dick*, the repeated close-ups of Didion suffering can be galling. But there is also an承认ing her ability to deliver an intelligent line. "It was streak," writes Didion, "by the mosture aspect of the country, an entire republic smaller than some California counties, the very circumstances that have encouraged the Didion that the place can be outraged, outraged, a kind of pilot project, like TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority)." In the author of the book's true of piled bodies and displaced families, such comments reveal an exquisite appreciation of political irony.

But other than needing quarry, which is to unleash a few good lines, it is not clear why Didion bothered to write the book, because she has nothing new to say. The real irony is that she is guilty of the sin she glorifies: that she can "manage" so complex a country in only two weeks and 185 pages. As well, in such lean material the special traits of Didion's craft stand out like huge joints and heavy strings on a very thin wire: the use of the California language of film, so pervasive in her previous books—"events out of synch" and scenarios that "won't play"—she has no fresh vocabulary left to communicate El Salvador's extreme barren.

The book's biggest disappointment is Didion's failure to think clearly through the muddled political debates

launched, the book reveals that what has passed for intelligence and lucidity in Didion's previous prose is partly *tearoom food*. Didion uses such terms as "exactly," "precious," "absolutely" and "which is what I mean when I said," but grossly gives the impression that no writer has done greater than the author in terms of the effusion. But she fails to address solutions. She always off her lack of contact with the anti-government forces. Herida disavowal of U.S. policy options to a couple of inductive paragraphs and leaves discussions of how and why the United States gets involved in the first place. Didion prefers to react rather than to analyze, shuddering in her arm forte.

At best, the book offers, to anyone who has not read a newspaper in three years, a mildly written but incomplete recapitulation of the Salvadoran situation. At the same time, it appears to stimulate the journalistic, more serious, more hawkish groups, who have gone to Central America to make their sacrifices. What is truly valuable is the presumption, which Didion shares with many of them, that "During the two weeks my husband and I spent in El Salvador I came to understand the exact mechanism of terror." A genuine understanding of the exact mechanism of terror is an unlikely product of a two-week exercise with a guaranteed return ticket home.

—VAL ROSE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Master of the Game*, Sheldon (3)
2. *Space Mountain* (2)
3. *Portrait of Edna*, Aronson (3)
4. *2000 Odyssey Two*, Clarke (2)
5. *The Little Drummer Girl*, Le Carre (2)
6. *Flaming Oranges*, Streath (2)
7. *Summer Season*, King (2)
8. *Matriarch's Daughter*, Krueger (2)
9. *The Moon of Jupiter*, Morris (2)
10. *The Prodigal Daughter*, Archer (2)

Nondiction

1. *The Play Diet*, Ryden (2)
2. *Jane Fonda's Workbook*, Ryden (2)
3. *Grief: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party*, McNeil-Norman (2)
4. *In Search of Excellence*, Peters and Waterman (2)
5. *The Establishment Man: A Portrait of Power*, Norman (2)
6. *Why We Act Like Canadians*, Eberle (2)
7. *Breakfasts*, McNeil-Norman (2)
8. *The Writer's Approach*, Peter (2)
9. *Malice in Blunderland*, Petherbridge (2)
10. *Towers of Gold*, Frost of Cale, Rivers (2)

(1) Previous best week

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The crazy, rich boys of summer

THE KIDS INSIDE OUT
By Dan Turner
(McCloud and Stewart,
256 pages, \$14.95)

On warm September evenings in 1981 Rodney Scott, second baseman for the Montreal Expos, left the dressing room and climbed up the deepest stairs at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. It was an hour before game time, but thousands of fans were already pressing around the field, waving banners, shouting and cheering. Moving quickly toward Scott were two U.S. network sportscasters, cameras in tow, and a dozen reporters. Scott paused at the top step, turned slowly, surveyed the media circus and said "Show-off. If it was like this every night we'd all go crazy."

Nights like that are becoming madly common, even for baseball's ordinary men like Scott. The sport itself has gone crazy artificial turf, players' strikes, posting millioiners. George Steinbrenner, a right-gloved in October Madison Avenue has won, and the manager of *The Boys of Summer* has lost. Last spring, Ottawa journalist Dan Turner set out to find the remnants of that innocence, and in *The Kids Inside Out* he acknowledges the fading legacy but explains why a team that could not lose, did.

That the Expos did not win the National League pennant last year perhaps makes this a bittersweet book. As Turner points out, the pundits had conceded the laurels before the first human finally appeared. Turner is at his best exposing those frailties and chronicling the idiosyncrasies of the doomed season, perhaps Bill Lee's heavy request for Rodney Scott; outsider Tim Raines's affair with cocaine; catcher Gary Carter's \$10-million contract; first baseman Al Oliver's glove outshining his bat; manager Jim Fregosi verifying the Peter Principle.

The Expos' fallings have pained their fans across the nation. Turner casts a bright light on the team's weaknesses and allows the players to reveal their own foibles. While he spends too much time reacounting details of 1982 and previous seasons, dredging up stories and exaggerated world news events and even repeating poems, Turner provides a perspective that is much more enlightening than any newspaper column or TV clip. And the reader will feel that there is little suspense left for the fans—or for today's boys of summer.

—HAL QUINN



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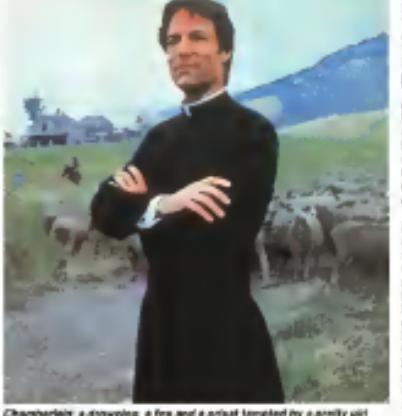
An eternity of guilt and suffering

THE THORN BIRDS
CTV, March 27-29

The Thorn Birds is a large slice out of anyone's life. 30 hours of Richard Chamberlain as a Roman Catholic priest seems like an eternity. The ambitious, derridely handsome Father Ralph de Bressant, sent to Australia to serve for a minor diocese, is wracked by doubts, does he want the flesh or the cardinal's hat? Repeatedly throughout the padded, sluggish adaptations of Colleen McCullough's sweeping best seller, de Bressant receives visitations from the darker forces. His ambition haunts him, and so do women. But Father Ralph, who has a sterling Catholic sensibility, knows that "the best is bought only at the expense of great pain." He sees himself as a thorn bird that cannot sing until it finds the perfect bush and then, at the moment of ecstasy, impales itself upon a thorn.

In the fervent fantasy of guilt, suffering and redemptive pain makes the rounds with the regularity of the mailman. There is a nuptial conflagration, an annunciation and a drowning; many funeral eulogies make their way, suffocated, up the side of a hill. And throughout there is Chamberlain's bland, male-model face to contemplate as the priest heads toward popes. The Thorn Birds could easily have been titled *Holy Absolution*.

Then, Barbara Stanwyck appears for several down-and-dirty scenes, proving that there must be a God somewhere. As Mary Carson, the owner of the huge sheep ranch, Droughda, Stanwyck ignites a gashed thigh. The sight of the silver-haired, septuagenarian jestered毫不羞耻地 pinning her needs over Father Ralph's *Gentleman's Quarterly* chastisement is not to be missed. In an age when most actresses shrink at such roles, it is a supreme pleasure to see one from the old school chisel every muscle with relish. Though the character is crudely and simply written, Stanwyck's shades of



Chamberlain: a show-off, a fire and a priest tormented by a pretty girl

star personality more than compensate when she turns upon her antagonists, the brands the meaning of what she says into them.

Carson's purpose in playing a young woman in a withered body is to add to Father Ralph's misery. Consequently, she leaves her fortune to the church, assuming

Pain makes its rounds with the regularity of the mailman in the TV adaptation of The Thorn Birds

on his political ascendancy on the many-ranged ladder of the Victorian era, to garnetise the consciousness of the Droughda dynasty. Carson brings her long-lost brother, Paddy Gower (Richard Kiley), and his family to the ranch before she dies. The stricken Gower ensures further entanglement with the shrewd-tarted priest. Little Maggs (charmingly played as a child by Sydney Penny) eventually offers Father

Ralph the apple. "Why do you look so in my heart?" he asks her. "Why do you fill that space God can't fill?" When little, unloved Maggie grows up (she is played by pretty Rachel Ward)—though she is not as pretty as Chamberlain, misery has company. Maggie leaves to suffer and suffer, drawing naive characters into the convolutions of matrons, specifically two children.

Misdirected by Daryl Duke, the Canadian responsible for the jaunty mix of *The Silent Partner*, *The Thorn Birds* is also稚气的. The beautiful Jean Shrimpton plays Maggie's mother, an old crone whose goal in life is to keep her crown of thorns. Christopher Plummer is laughably sage as a paternal cardinal. Peter Loane is unfortunately sympathetic as Maggie's crippled friend, Agnes. Agnes' actions keep shifting with whim, and Diana Dill's motif looks as exotic as Martha Berneshoff with as achievable the people in *The Thorn Birds* appear to have a collective hives issue.

Not all the blunders should be attributed to Duke. The screenwriter, recognising the obvious potential of lengthy miniseries, has begun to stretch them to the breaking point. Still, that does not excuse the blemishes of Duke's direction, nor the seaminess of the cast. At the panel design (from 1928 to 1930) softens romance, with Rachel Ward looking as though she just returned from a 1980s hair salon.

When Maggie and Father Ralph consummate their love, she asks the object of her profane affections, "Why must the church have all of you?" Afterward, she walks along the beach during a sequence resembling a Japanese woodblock print, while a thousand seagulls caw. "It's not easy being me." It is not easy being anybody in *The Thorn Birds*, though Stanwyck gives it a gallant try with her Sheep Queen of Australia pantomime. She leaves after the first matinée—and viewers are advised to leave with her.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE



Hydrangeas, Rosemary, and Fruit; Miss Henri Lanoue (below) recreates stillness

ART

The master of tranquillity

By Gillian MacKay

I t's the benefit and apogee of 20th-century French painting. The achievement of Henri Fantin-Latour has been largely overlooked. Art historians, dimmed by the spectre of Impressionism, allowed a quiet giant to pass, half-forgotten, into a lesser luminary whose work does not quite fit into the great modern movements. He was not an innovative genius of the stature of such contemporaries as Edouard Manet or Gustave Courbet, but Fantin (1836-1904) was a master of great distinction, acclaimed during his lifetime for his luminous still-life and portraits. Now, his considerable accomplishment has finally been acknowledged in a comprehensive showing of 131 paintings, pastels, prints and drawings that opened last week at the National Gallery in Ottawa, following a recent 12-week run at the Grand Palais in Paris.

Unquestioned by the National Gallery's

Douglas Druck and Michel Roig of the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris, the exhibition is the first major scholarly exhibition of Fantin's work since his death in a broader sense, it contrasts the precision begun by the National Gallery, with its *Portraits of Chefs d'Orchestre* exhibition in 1977 and *The Other Movement* (1978-1979) of decorative arts of the period.

Fantin was not a major character in that chapter, but it was set by his lack of ambition or personal success. A friend of such leading writers as Charles Baudelaire, Fantin was, above all, an idealist who did not hesitate to characterize those artists in whom he believed. In

deed, his gentle, elegant portraits of Manet (1867) was a brave statement of support at a time when the incomprehensible painter was despised by the critics. Even more daring was his striking *As Achab in the Battlements* (1870), which depicted Manet in his easel, surrounded as in a lineage by a group that included Claude Monet and Auguste Renoir.

Although Fantin's subjects were occasionally provocative, he was not a radical himself. Against the vibrant, revolutionary backdrop of the Parisian art world in the second half of the 19th century, he cut a strange and solitary figure. Fearful that worldly temptations would distract him from his priesthood to painting, Fantin sketched the billiard hall, race track and late-night bars that so fascinated the impressionists. While Manet was immortalizing the pretty harried at the Folies-Bergère, Fantin was at home painting his sister reading a book. An early follower of Manet, Fantin later denounced the impressionists as sloppily and superficial. His artistic ideal of "Following the true path" of nature did not mean slapping color on canvas direct from the paint tube as it did for Manet. Rather, it meant the painstaking modeling of the contours of a vase or a peach, with countless glasses and tiny brushstrokes, in a virtuous performance of illusionism. His deep respect for such old masters as Juan-Bautista Borga and Diego Velázquez made any sharp break with tradition impossible.

Fantin worked out what one critic described on his death as a "modest and undated farce," but he managed to reap from it a rich harvest. His paintings are easily aggregated, will they, portraits and fantasy scenes. The still lifes, however popular in Britain, were a major source of income, and he was not above observing odd motifs for the commercial market. At their finest, as in the exquisitely colored and gracefully composed *Hydrangeas, Rosemary, and Fruit* (1886), the paintings possess a radiant effulgence that is utterly moving. Although the glowing palette of soft tones and the delicate shading of petals are marvels of description, Fantin transcends the mere recording of nature. The sobering of round shapes, the warm colors of fruit and tabletops played against the cool flowers and background and the clever composition produce a synthesis of light and color. Teachers thus formal harmony was one





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of Faustin's highest goals.

In portraiture, Faustin saw faithful observation of nature as an end in itself but as a means of achieving formal beauty. Although he could have enjoyed a lucrative career as a society portraitist, he wanted that genre as much as possible. He preferred to paint his family and friends, whom he could treat as impersonally as "Brewers in a vase" in *Mme. Etienne Marteau* (1884), the subject's face in shadow, turned away from the viewer in a mood of reverie. The focus of the sumptuous colored, elegant work is a serpentine line running from her ear down the curve of her neck to the soft curve of her naked shoulder. Indeed, *Mme. Henri Laval* (1882), who is depicted arranging roses, could almost be one of the flowers, so irreverable is the placid expression on her lovely face. At times the artist's detachment from his subject creates a slightly melancholy mood, as in the case with a tranquil portrait of his sister Marie, titled *Study After Nature* (1881). Only the bawdy self-portraits of boyhood and the portraits of his striking sister-in-law, Charlotte Dubourg, are deeply expressive. In his paintings of the Dubourg sisters together, the dramatic contrast between the siring Charlotte and her rather dowdy sister, Victoria, whom Faustin married in 1886, raises intriguing questions about which of them he truly preferred.

It was typical of the repressed and divided Faustin, however, that he would marry Victoria while continuing Charlotte in his imagination. Warful of desire and of marriage, which overtook his sister Nathalie, he expressed the romantic side of his nature only through music and through tame, conventional fantasy prints and paintings. These were also inspired by the stories of Hector Berlioz, Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner. Faustin celebrated scenes from Wagnerian operas in paintings like *Tannhäuser*, *Venusberg* (1884), where plump nymphs cavort in a gassy, dreamlike landscape. That rather repetitive group of works is markedly inferior to his cool, lucid still lifes and portraits.

If Faustin had been able to bring together the dreamer and the realist within him or to engage some reality in the world around him, he might have attained the lasting glory he so desperately craved. Instead, after his death his name fell into an obscurity which, though undeserved, is understandable because of the narrow scope of his vision. At his best, Faustin created a luminous colorist, designed for contemplative pleasures rather than education. The National Gallery exhibition is a fine, if belated, tribute to a master of traditional delights.

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The art of papering the recession

By Allan Petheringham

We are all victims of the Saturday afternoon movie, helpless slaves to the art of opulence of our youth. Gene Autry and Champion and Roy Rogers and Trigger and Red Skyy and Tex Willer and everyone behind the horse rather than all this slumped-over film festivity would be responsible for a world event of art, a happening that has produced a wide-square "three-dimensional painting" that may put Alberta on the ladder map! In early July the art critics down there will be gathered as the painted world will be gathered, snuffing off the fire, on a ranch 27 km southwest of Calgary, a rolling land of brush and trees that meanders through the foothills of the Rockies. They will see a work of art, mounted by Vancouver painter Alan Wood, that has cost \$500,000 to erect and is composed of 150,000 board feet of a massive soft life. The artist comes to Alberta and finds it an expandable canvas.

We know, as you know, president Urioste, the 45-year-old Bulgarian-born environmental artist, created the famous Running Fence in California, 40 km of plastic or polyester or something running across the encompassing wilderness. He wrapped several kilometers of Australian coastline and plans to clad Berlin's restored Reichstag in nylon. Is this the artist making fun of us society? Or telling us more that we want to know about it?

Alan Wood is a 47-year-old with a face that resembles a friendly Wilfrid Banting. He was raised in Widmer, a dreadful escape of the Industrial Revolution, a few kilometers up the Mersey from Liverpool. Sludge and coal tips and the stinking ugliness of the Midlands were his spiced education. The Western movies of his youth were a delightful escape. He became obsessed—the wild open spaces of the cartoons were so alien to anyone raised in the blackness of Lancashire industry. A graduate of the Liverpool College of Art, he taught in Didsbury and then Allan Petheringham is a columnist for *Southern News*.

became part of the Cornwall art community in St. Ives, which ratified such celebrated English artists as Barbara Hepworth.

He first saw British Columbia in 1980 as a visiting artist at the University of Victoria. The introduction lasted only 10 days, but Wood was destined to come back again. Why? Who could have thought that all this slumped-over film festivity would be responsible for a world event of art, a happening that has produced a wide-square "three-dimensional painting" that may put Alberta on the ladder map!

In early July the art critics

gathered under the onslaught of time, temperature and the developer who grows condensation as a crop.

The result of all this will be unveiled early in July, before the Calgary Stampede opens. Wood's *giant 400 Ranch* piece, spreading over 220 acres on the Rocky Mountain Ranch, will feature 12 different "tableaux"—his artistic impressions of wonderland and surreal and rural houses. A suspicious critic has observed that the only place you will be able to view it from is in a satellite dish because it was taken up several years ago by a Vancouver private gallery run by Sam Houston, son of James Houston, whose books never before hit the shelves of this country and throughout the world, and Diane Parfitt, who is well connected through the Vancouver Establishment. They have now raised some \$400,000 for the project that is guaranteed to raise a howl on the front page.

In a plant outside Vancouver three young woodsmen have devised a machine that takes the two-by-six lumber and wraps it in 32,000 square yards of canvas and then seaks it in the varnished 5,000 L of paint. The sections are numbered and strapped by truck to Alberta, to be assembled under the supervision of Wood, a man of no small ego who talks of himself in the tradition of Moore and others who were based in their time. The result, the golden pig, has been donated by the four owners: Maurice Strong, the Liberal entrepreneur; Dennis, an engineer; a lawyer and a stockholder. An architect and a computer are co-ordinating the re-creations. The structure is delighted, devoting a 1,000-square-foot museum, as a theater, showing its members by night in a rare marriage of "agriculture and culture." Andy Warhol, who has promised to attend the opening, poses it as "the most 'as airport' anything near the event."

Indeed, in his Vancouver studio, he has studied systems of convey belts and plated slabs with perforations, would prefer to be replaced by hatched wire and aluminum siding. He describes an old oil well, collapsed, sinking into the earth and grown over in weeds, as his right finger of Stonehenge. He wants to cover all that before it disappears



to Vancouver to stay. Eventually, he discovered the Rockies, the last unglaciated that tiddies in the BC interior between the Rockies and the coastal range and that contains—unknown to the rest of Canada—one of the largest single mountain ranges of abandoned hotels, dilapidated ranch houses, boardwalks, trails and split-rail fences and fading remains. In essence, the stuff of his Wilfrid Banting dreams. He recognized what he regards as the classic architecture of the West—all it going to waste and the wasteful. He claims, rather passionately, that the ranch architecture is to Western Canada what the Acropolis is to Athens. There is just one small difference. The West is just not that different.

The wide roads and empty towns, the isolated shifts with poor facilities, would appeal to the writer who wants to wander down from the foothills, walk all over his works of art and make it a "composed essay." We are in the middle of a recession with 1.5 million out of work. Can the country accommodate all this?



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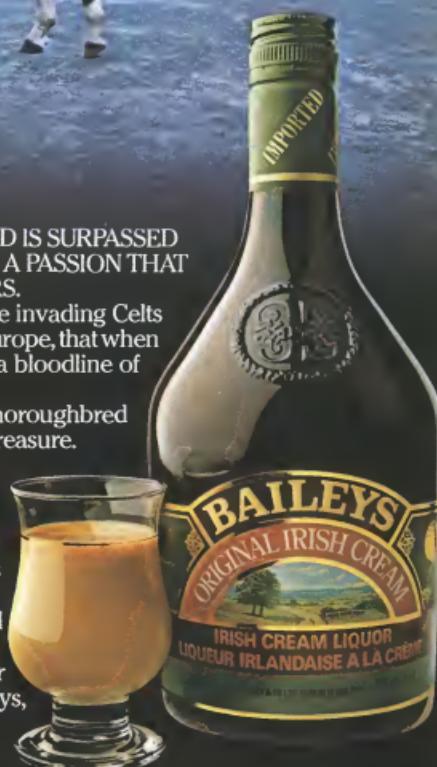
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